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SPORTS OF THE TURF IN CHINA.

"JENNIE."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY T. J. WILLOUGHBY.

"It's almost good-bye, now, father," says she, looking out o' the window as though she saw afar off the new country she was going to.....Then she lay still a long time, and after a bit she starts up a little and looks at me:—'Faither,' she says, in her pretty voice that I should so soon hear nae mair. 'What is it, my darling?' 'Gae down to the garden and pu' mea flower,' she says * * 'and bring it here for me to see; I shall never see anither i' this warld.' I went and pu'd the finest and sweetest I could find, and took them to her, wet with my tears. She look'd at them, and smelt them and says:—'Faither, dear, is the dew nae off them yet?' Then she saw what the dew was, and drew me down to kiss her." "*The Gambler's Orphan; or, The Hope of Twenty Years,*" now being published in the CLIPPER.)

The morning was bright, and balmy the air,
And yet our household was dark,
For the Phantom of death had entered in,
To quench life's flickering spark.

And Jennie lay there with her golden hair,
And blue eyes hollow and dim;
So patient she was! nor uttered a moan,
Nor shrank from the phantom grim.

I could only weep and fondle her hands—
O, waxen, thin hands were they!
And hover above her, so eager to catch
The words she might have to say.

And her words were few, for her voice was weak,
And glassier grew her eye;
"Its almost good-bye now father," she said,
"Father, its almost good-bye."

Then her voice was still, and her dim eyes turned
To the window small and low,
With a far-away look, as if she saw
The home to which she must go.

In a death-like trance she lingered long,
Then quickly she raised her head:—
"Father," and O, the pitiful tone!
"Darling, what is it?" I said.

"Go down to the garden and gather a flow'r,
And bring it hither to me,
'Twill be the last one this side of the grave,
The last one that I shall see."

Then I tore myself from her side apart,
And gathered a violet,
And when I placed it within her hands,
With tears the flower was wet.

And she breathed its delicate breath, and saw
The glistening drops and said:—
"Is the dew not off them yet, father?"
And turning her golden head,

Her eyes with ineffable love met mine—
She knew what the dewdrops were;
And she drew me down with her dying strength
To kiss her forehead so pure.

Then she passed away to the other world,
An angel ever to be;
And the smile she wore on her pallid lips
Was heaven itself to see!

THE GAMBLER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

THE HOPE OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XXII.

AT HOPE END.

Year after year flew by from the time of the events related at the close of the last epoch of our story, each one bringing with it its rounds of changes in the persons and places therein, till twenty had gone by. Wonderful alterations had taken place round the two houses of Stanley Hope and the Beeches.

The little village of Hope End, as it was called when Eugene Dubois inhabited Fairy Villa, had ripened into a pretty town, much sought after on account of some recently discovered mineral waters, which, being something fetch, were supposed to have the power of curing all the ills that flesh is heir to, and were proportionably patronized by folks who had nothing to do but spend their money and fancy themselves ill.

Fairy Villa was not now; the march of improvement had swept it from the face of the earth, for the mineral spring had been found at the bottom of the little garden, and the site of the pretty dwelling was needed for the grounds of a new pump room.

So there was a trim lawn and beds of flowers, and a fantastic building where fancied invalids thronged to drink the deceptive water, so clear to the eye, so nauseous to the taste; and there were promenades, and concerts and galas on the very spot where poor misguided Eugene had lived and suffered.

A new Lord St. Aubyn reigned at Stanley Hope—Gerald was its master. Sterner and harder than ever his father had been, he was still loved and respected as an upright, just landlord, and a good friend to his humbler neighbors.

Alice, his gentle wife, was positively adored; she had taken the place his mother held so long, and filled it right worthily, while her pretty daughter, Maud, was but her old self over again for beauty and grace.

The Beeches owned another master too, for Mr. Venables had long been dead, and the bulk of his fortune descending to his grand-daughter, Miss Stanley, made her the richest heiress for miles around.

The house was let, and Sir Marcus Llanwarm was the tenant of his old friends. He was a gay bachelor still; for time had laid his hand but lightly on him, and his hair was hardly yet tinged with grey. His step was as light and his laugh as merry as of yore, and he was just as much a mark for fortune hunting daughters and match-making mothers as ever.

In vain they tried their wiles upon him, he was not to be caught; and from him they turned to his adopted son, young Stanley Dubois, and used their arts upon him. Sir Marcus had nobly redeemed his promise; he had indeed opened his heart to the child, and taken care that he came to good; and now, at two and twenty, the son of the unlucky author was, in every sense of the word, a fine young man.

Both mind and body had been well trained, and many a parent of dissolute sons looked with envious eyes on this nameless and friendless lad, who had grown up such a credit to all who had anything to do with his training. It was even rumored that Sir Marcus meant to make him his heir, but no confirmation had as yet been given to these reports.

Sir Marcus was biding his time, and waiting for a crisis which he foresaw was approaching before he spoke to those most interested on the subject.

Stanley was not heart whole, he had fallen in love, and with the heiress, the cherished daughter of Lord St. Aubyn. That his love was returned he was sure, but there was a barrier between them, her father's will. Alice looked with favorable eyes on the young man, but Lord St. Aubyn interposed his fiat, took his daughter away, and said it should not be.

"I like him," he said to Sir Marcus. "I think you have made him all that a gentleman should be, but think of his father—his wretchedly unstable character, his unhappy life, his madness and miserable end! I cannot give my daughter to his son."

"I have thought of all that too," said Sir Marcus; "and it is just because my boy has had the training his father wanted, that I think he will make a good and worthy man, and a fit husband for my god-daughter. Suspend your decision for a little while, St. Aubyn, and think it over;—as to money——"

"That counts for nothing. Maud is my only child; she is rich now in her own right, and when I die all but the title descends to her. Money will never enter into my calculations."

"Then there's hope for my boy; you do not know all his goodness."

"Perhaps not; but I cannot forget his father's faults."

"He is dead, let them die with him."

They parted, and Lord St. Aubyn took his daughter away for a long tour, thereby hoping to drive the image of Stanley from her mind; but Maud was faithful, and never swerved from her allegiance to her first love.

And there came a time when her faith and patience were rewarded—a time when the literary world rang with the name of Dubois, and crowds assembled at Hope End to do honor to the name of the man who, twenty years before, had ended a wretched life in a suicide's grave.

Eugene's works, some few years after his death, had risen into notice, and by the time his son was of age the poems and plays which he had written were among the most popular works of the day, and bade fair to hold a lasting place among those of our greatest men.

Sir Marcus had taken care of Stanley's interests in the matter, and he was now realizing what his father would have deemed a fortune from the profits of his works. But there were more honors in store for the dead man's memory.

On the publication of a special edition of his writings, some enthusiastic spirits at Hope End started the idea of raising a monument to him, and the notion was eagerly caught up by the families in the neighborhood. Lord St. Aubyn and his family were abroad at the time, but, on hearing of it, entered warmly into the scheme, and sent a contribution so large that Sir Marcus declared that they meant to turn the affair into a private instead of a public one after all.

Subscriptions poured in from all sides—the name of Sir Marcus was sufficient to induce people to help had there been no other inducement; but the verses and songs of the poet were household words now, and the public were glad to give their mite to help to honor the man whom in life they had slighted and despised.

The bust in the library at Stanley Hope furnished the model for the sculptor, and the result was a finely executed portrait statue of the poet, admitted by all to be an excellent likeness.

Lord St. Aubyn promised to be home for the ceremony of unveiling it, which was to take place in June, and many men of mark promised their presence and assistance on the occasion.

There was to be songs and speeches, a procession, and a grand dinner at the Beeches in the evening, at which there would be such a gathering of celebrities as was seldom seen.

The town was alive with expectation.

The eve of the day had come, and the statue, mysteriously shrouded by its covering, stood white and ghost-like.

The family at Stanley Hope had arrived, and everything was ready for the morrow's ceremony.

Only one heart did not beat responsive to the general joy, or hail the coming festival with gladness, and that one beat in the bosom of Stanley Dubois.

Too young to remember his parents, he had inherited from them both the passionate, sensitive nature which feels a slight so deeply, and he forgot the triumph of the present in the remembrance of the long years of neglect and obloquy which had been the lot of his father's fame.

He declared his determination not to be present at the jubilee of the morrow, and really pained Sir Marcus by his persistent refusal.

"Come out and let us smoke our cigars, and talk it over," said Sir Marcus, drawing him out on the lawn. "There are many inducements why you should lay aside private feeling in the matter, and help the world to do its tardy justice to his genius."

"I do not thank them for it now," the young man said proudly. "When they could have aided and encouraged him, given him the little word that can do so much, they passed by on the other side and let him die. I will not be present at such a farce."

"I think you will; remember, Maud will be there."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite; and not only Maud, but a lovelier woman than she will ever be, her mother Alice. I think, my boy, for the sake of her tried friendship for your poor father, and my faith in him, were there no other reason, you should be present."

"Your rebuke is a just one. I will be there."

"I did not mean to rebuke you. What is that?"

They had strolled on till they had come to the edge of the park where it joined the grounds in which the statue stood, and they could see it white and gleaming in the moonlight.

Sir Marcus unlocked the little gate which served to admit the inmates of the Beeches to the Pump Room grounds, and they passed through.

Two aged men were standing by the statue.

"It's only Duncan M'Shee and an old beggar man," Stanley remarked. "I've seen that old fellow about here more than once lately. What is Duncan doing here at this time of night?"

Duncan was a very old man now, with snow white hair, but he still kept his faculties about him, and was still counted head gardener at Stanley Hope, though a staff of subordinates, with an experienced man at their head, made his office a sinecure. Age often overpowered his wonted energies, and he was often found in the grounds resting from his toils in an attitude of reverie that bespoke grief as much as repose. He had joined most enthusiastically in the statue scheme, and had insisted on subscribing no small sum in its erection.

What he was doing now was seeing that a floral arrangement of many colored plants in pots, which he had placed round the base of the pedestal, was all in order. Standing beside him was an old man in tattered and worn dress and weather beaten face, proclaimed to be a beggar; he had an old wallet slung under one arm and a black cap covered his thin hair.

His face, though vacant, was not unpleasant, and he appeared to be regarding Duncan's proceedings with much interest.

"I tell ye, ye maun gang oot o' this," they heard the old guardian say. "Did ye no see the notice at the gate—'Nae dogs or vagrants admitted here?'"

"Yes, yes, I know—I'll go—but I wanted to see whether the stone man would come to life in the moonlight when they left him here alone—alone—alone," he repeated with an accent of irrepressible sadness; "they say the Lady Moon can give life and soul to some senseless things—I know one she can never wake to life, and that's my heart—that's withered and dead long ago."

"Lord's sake, man, dinna talk i' that heathenish way; the moon nae a witch or a warlock to dae sic' things, but just ane o' the bonnie lights o' Heaven. Beg pardon, Sir Marcus, I didna see ye."

"Busy at this time of night, Duncan?"

"I was just seeing to thae pots; I was wanting them a' to look grey nice the morn."

"It won't be your fault if they do not," said Sir Marcus, kindly. "But who's our friend here?"

"I dinna ken, sir, and I never met ony ane that did. I fancy he doesna ken ower muckle aboot it himsel; he's just a bit daft gaberlunzie, that comes and gangs, and lives on what the folks gie him. He's very harmless; but a wee bit troublesome at times. I dinna ken hoo he wun in here the noo. I found him lookin' ower my shoulder like a ghaist or a bogle; it gie me sic' a fright I'm shaking yet."

"What's your name, my man?" asked Stanley, putting his hand on the beggar's shoulder.

"Jem, sir—mad Jem, that's what they say it is; but I think, a long time ago, it was something else. You see, sir, our bodies change and our minds, and so I suppose our names, too. I'm not doing any harm sir?"

"No, my poor fellow, none."

"I came to see him."

"Him! Who?"

"Him," pointing to the statue. "I'll tell you all about it," catching Stanley by the arm and looking earnestly into his face, as though attracted by something he saw there. "I know who it is. It's the man who wrote this book—it's a beautiful book. See."

He pulled a torn and soiled volume out of his wallet and turned over its pages in the moonlight.

"It's a beautiful book!" then suddenly dropping it on the grass, he turned to Stanley with the sudden reversion of ideas so painful in insanity, and taking off his cap held it out for alms, and said, with the whine of a beggar, "Oh, gentlemen, give me a penny."

As the young man complied with the request, Sir Marcus lifted the volume from the grass, and, to his unspeakable astonishment, read on the title page, "The collected works of Eugene Dubois."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RETROTHED.

Sir Marcus uttered an exclamation and the beggar turned round.

"That's my book," he said, catching it out of the baronet's hand as though he feared to have it kept from him. "It's a beautiful book, and they're going to do great things for the man that made it—the stone man yonder."

"But how do you know? Can you read this?" Sir Marcus asked. "You are an old man. Did you know my poor friend at any time?"

"Oh, I can't say. I don't know anything. I came to see if I knew the stone man's face, but he's shrouded, hidden, just as the water had him long ago. He was drowned and lost, you know. Shall I see his face to-morrow?"

"Surely, and for many days afterwards; the statue will be uncovered to-morrow, and there will be music, and the singing of some of the songs in your book here."

"Singing! that's good; that's what I do, I sing! but the little boys throw mud at me and laugh."

"What does he sing, poor old man?" asked Stanley, turning to Duncan M'Shee.

"I dinna ken, sir; just a lot o' auld clashes that naebody understands. Whiles he picks up a penny or two, but he is oftener taken up as a vagrant. They cannot do muckle wi' him, because he's daft and harmless, and he pines when he's shut up."

"Daft! that's mad—he means me," said the vagrant, with sudden sharpness; "but I'm not mad, gentlemen, I'm only frail and weak because I have lived such an amazing length of time. I'll tell you how it happened, shall I?"

"Now, dinna fash the gentlemen wi' yer nonsense; ye've got your bawbees, gang yer ways, and dinna come here ony mair." Duncan said, with some asperity, catching the beggar by the shoulder, as though to draw him away.

"Don't send him off! let him tell his story. What were you going to say, poor man?" Stanley asked.

"You seem wondrously interested in him," Sir Marcus remarked, with a smile.

"I am; I don't know why. I never saw him before, and yet as I listen to him I seem to be a little child again, carried in some one's arms, rocked on some one's knee."

"Some one? 'Twasn't a crazy beggar, I hope."

"Don't laugh at me. I really am interested."

"By no means, my boy. Have your whim. My only curiosity is to know where the literary maniac got that book."

"Yes, that's it," the beggar broke in; "that's the story. You see, it all happened thus:—So long ago—a thousand years and more——" then suddenly clutching the baronet by the arm, and looking full in his face, he added, in an excited tone, "But you ought to know; you were there."

"There! Where?"

"There! in the place where the spring and sunshine died out all at once, and left nothing in the world but darkness and cold, and black, black water."

"Who are you?" exclaimed Sir Marcus, startled by a sudden gleam of intelligence which flashed into the keen, black eyes—a glance so bright that it lit the withered face into a beauty and grace that seemed impossible should ever visit it again. "What is this you are speaking of? What do you remember?"

"Who am I? Only Jem—mad Jem—don't let the boys throw stones at me, or set the dogs on me; they run faster than me, and then they bite," he said, imploringly, to Duncan. "I'll come again to-morrow and see him, and I'll sing, gentlemen, I'll sing."

He tottered off with his stick and wallet, and they saw him going along the road that led into the town.

"It is strange," murmured the baronet, half aloud.

"What is strange?" asked Stanley.

"Only this, that I had some such feeling as you describe—a look in that man's face took me back through nearly half my life, and made me think all sorts of things. It can't be—it is impossible!"

"What?"

"Something so wildly improbable that I can't speak of it even to you—at least not to-night. Duncan, where can your mad protege be found?"

"I dinna ken, Sir Marcus; whiles here and whiles there. Ye might as weel try to find last year's snaw as seek for him. I think he'll be here the morn; he asked a heap o' questions aboot what was gaun to be done."

"If you can bring him to me do; I want to speak to him."

"I'll dae that, Sir Marcus, and gude night to ye."

Sir Marcus was silent that evening, and retired at an early hour for him.

He wanted to think about this strange beggar, and the fancies to which his sudden appearance had given rise.

"Can such a thing be possible? Can the dead arise?" he asked himself, over and over again. "Alice will know; she will see, and her woman's heart will speak where mine has kept silence."

The morning rose bright and clear over Hope End, a regular sunny summer day, with its thousand scents and colors of beautiful flowers, and its murmur of rejoicing birds, as they tuned their little throats in unison with the general jubilee.

All the town was early astir, and gay dresses were donned and flags waved from the windows, making the whole place wear a holiday aspect.

They were proud of their poet now that his tombstone had been in their church twenty years, and they were proud of their public spirit in putting up a statue to his honor.

There were others to honor besides his memory; there were their own special great people, Lord and Lady St. Aubyn and Sir Marcus Llanwarm, to say nothing of other grandees who would come to see the ceremony and swell the train; and there was the dead author's living son—the handsomest young man for miles around, and report said to be the richest also, for would he not be Sir Marcus' heir?

Many admiring eyes followed him, as he walked among his friends with rather a sad expression on his young face. It was natural, perhaps; his thoughts were with the father he could scarcely remember, but his life he had heard was such a sad one.

They kept wandering to Maud too, whom he had not yet seen, and would have to meet for the first time in public—would she be as faithful and loving as ever?

No need to question himself thus. Maud's face was radiant with love and happiness as she sprang from her father's side to give him words of greeting; and Lady St. Aubyn's eyes were full of tears as she watched her child.

It was in the grounds of the beeches that they met; the Stanley Hope party had driven over to lunch, and prepare for the events of the day. Alice beckoned her husband as she saw Maud's little hand go out to meet her lover's. "Look there," she said.

"I see," he replied gravely.

"Will you not go and take those hands in one clasp, Gerald? You know how they love each other. Don't go against Maud's happiness."

"Heaven knows I don't want to, Alice, but——"

"Don't make a fuss on this day; you know he is worthy to be our son. Let what you are going to do blot out all memory of what is bitter in the past, and let the happiness of your old friend's son date from the day that sees justice done the memory of his father."

Still Lord St. Aubyn hesitated, and she went on—

"You once told me, Gerald, that there was nothing so bitter as a life-long self-reproach."

"There is not, Alice. I, of all men, ought to know that."

"Then, by the memory of what caused it, Gerald, make these children happy. Don't have another cause for regret in Maud's misery. She will obey you, but she will break her heart in doing it."

"I will do it, Alice. They shall want no sanction or approval of mine."

"Is that from your heart, Gerald?"

"From my heart, my dear. Look in my eyes and see."

She did look and only saw there love and sympathy as he watched the young couple on the outside, and with a deep drawn breath of gladness she raised Lord St. Aubyn's hand to give him words of greeting; not saying much, for their hearts were too full, but the eyes play the part of tongues.

Maud's hand lay in Stanley's as he stood by her, and a sudden movement of his made it slip from behind them, sent a shower of [illegible] on their charming figures.

Maud started back in alarm, when she saw the intruder was Stanley raised his hat, [illegible] in being suddenly [illegible] Aubyn made him shake him a hint.

But his lordship held out his hand with a smile, and drew Maud towards him.

"Now, little one, have no fear," he said, and before she had recovered from her confusion her hand lay once more in her lover's, and her father's clasp was on them both.

"I give her to you, my boy," he said, with a quiver of his lip. "You will make her happy, will you not?"

"My life will have no other aim," replied the young man. "But you are not deceiving me, my lord. You would not raise my hopes to dash them down again. Your objections——"

"Have been overcome, as you see. No, Stanley, I am not deceiving you. I give you my girl with all my heart, and may every trial of your future life fall on you as lightly as yonder rose leaves, which my hand unwittingly scattered."

Stanley could not speak—his heart was full: and Maud threw herself into her father's arms, weeping for very joy, just as Sir Marcus Llanwarn came up to tell them of the arrival of some of their distinguished visitors.

"Hey day!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? Have I intruded upon any private occasion of mourning and lamentation? Here's Maud crying in good earnest, and tears in Stanley's eyes, though smiles seem inclined for the mastery; and for you, St Aubyn, were you not a scholar, a philosopher, and a statesman to boot, I should declare there was a suspicious twinkle in your far seeing organs of vision as well. Have you made my boy happy at last?"

"She says so, Llanwarn."

"You have given him Maud! I thank you, St. Aubyn, as much as though he were my son indeed, and I thank you doubly for choosing this day, of all others, for your consent. Stanley is my son; he has been all the best son could be, and from this hour the world shall know him as my heir. Will not my daughter, that is to be give her father a kiss?"

He took the blushing girl in his arms, and kissed her fondly, with a strong pang of remembrance as he thought of her mother's youth. He had never married, keeping the recollection of her in his heart as some may remember one lost to them by death.

Several years had flown by, and his wild love had settled into earnest friendship, as the most passionate love will, let poets and novelists say what they like.

And now, after twenty years, her daughter—a second Alice as it were—was going to marry the lad he had adopted and loved. He took an antique diamond ring of great value from his finger, and laid it flashing like fire in Maud's hand.

"It was my mother's," he said, "is has been a betrothal ring in our family for many generations; she wore it till her death. I remember her giving it to me, and telling me it must be my wife's, and praying that the happiness which had been her lot in life might descend to me and mine. I once thought to use it, but"—he paused a moment as though in agitation, and then went on—"I never married, you know, never shall now, so have I use it for my son, and may all the happiness that my mother prayed Heaven to send to me rest upon you, my children."

He turned rather hastily away, for his heart and eyes were alike full, and for the gay Sir Marcus to give way to sentiment would look somewhat strange, he said with a laugh to himself.

Stanley slipped the flashing gem on Maud's forefinger, and raised her hand to his lips. "Amen to that prayer," he said fervently. "How shall I ever repay him for all he has done for me?"

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 5 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

CONSTANT READER, Salem, MASS.—Jem Mace fought twelve times in the ring, as follows:—Brat Slack, £10, 9r. 10m., Oct. 2, 1855; beat Thorpe, £50, 15r. 27m. Feb. 11, 1857; beaten by Bob Brettle, £2-0, 2r. 3m., Sept. 21, 1858; beat Posh Price, £100, 11r. 17m., Jan. 25, 1859; beat Bob Travers, £200, 6r. 31m., Feb. 21, 1860, police interfered, 57r. 91m., Feb. 22, Travers falling without a blow; beat Brettle, £400, 11r. 10m., part Sept. 9 and par. Sept. 20, 1860; beat Sam Hurst, £400, 8r. 40m. June 13, 1861; beat Tom King, £400, 43r., 1h. 8m., Jan. 28, 1862; beaten by King, £400, 21r. 38m., Nov. 26, 1862; beat Joe Goss, £1,000, 19r., 1h. 55m., Sept. 1, 1863; drew with Goss, £400, 1r., 1h. 5m., May 24, 1866; beat Goss, £400, 21r, 31m., in a 16 ft. ring, August 6, 1866. He also rowed and beat Mike Madden twice, refusing to fight under a referee named by the stakeholder, according to articles, in 1857, and bolting upon the morning fixed upon for the decision of the second match, May 10, 1858. He evidently didn't wish to have anything to do with Mike, and the English press severely commented upon his conduct, *Bell's Life* announcing that his name would henceforth be excluded from their columns. His subsequent performances, however, fully restored his reputation. He was also matched with Coburn, £1 000, Wormald and O'Baldwin, the former receiving £100 to draw the stakes, as no referee could be agreed upon, On 4, 1861, Wormald forfeiting £120, through illness, Sept 16, 1865, and the arrest and binding over of Mace compelling a draw in the latter case—a *denouement* which it is generally supposed was in view from the inception of the match. 2 Mace stands 5ft. 8¾in. in his stocking feet. Coburn's height with his feathers, is just 5ft. 9in.

JUSTICE, Lewiston, Me.—Your question is one not easy to answer. Mrs. Haller is the housekeeper, while Solomon is the steward, which makes the former subservient to the latter; but we question if we or off the stage, no matter what may be the circumstances, any *gentleman* would insist upon crossing a lady in front. Then again, in this instance, the Mrs. Haller was the manager's wife and the star of the company, and as all stars have the right of the "business" of the stage during their scenes, we think that the lady was right. We have, however, consulted several actors, who claim that the gentleman (as Solomon) was right in insisting on crossing Mrs Haller in front, while the lady insisted upon his crossing in the rear. It appears that such a common poll enes should be taken into consideration, and the gentleman cross behind, for is not the stage intended "as it were to show the mirror up to nature." He forfeits his four nights salary by voluntarily leaving the company.

IXION, Baltimore.—1. Blanche Chapman made her first appearance on the stage at three years of age at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, as Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She was born in 1851. 2. Ella is approaching her fourteenth birthday. As we never saw the ladies do a clog dance, we are unable to speak of their abilities in that line. 3. Ella gives promise of being a good banjo solo. She has only been one year learning to master the old cremona. 4. They are playing under the management of John F. Ford, and this city is their abiding place when they are not playing.

BROADWAY.—"A, B, C and D are playing whist. It is A's deal, but B takes the cards, shuffles and hands them to A to cut. A cuts and B deals, and has the trump card turned. A then claims it in his deal, and B claims it because he has the trump card turned. A has not looked at his cards before he claims the deal. Now, who is entitled to the deal?"..... B has the deal. The rule is explicit on this point:—"Any one dealing out of turn may be stopped before the trump card is turned, after which the game may proceed as if no mistake had been made."

A CONSTANT READER, Alton, Ill.—1. The longest recorded battle is that reported to have taken place in New Mexico last year, which is said to have lasted 6 hours and 19 minutes, and terminated in the death of one of the combatants; this, however, is not properly authenticated. Jem Smith and Australian Kelly fought 6 hours and 15 minutes, in Australia, 1855. 2. The first fight between Sayers and Jones occupied 3 hours; that between Sayers and Harry Poulson lasted 3 hours and 8 minutes.

OLD TIMES ROCK.—1. Sophie was born in New Orleans, and Irene and Jennie in Cincinnati. Irene is said to be married. 2 He played the role of Carrington on its original representation by Kate Reignolds. 3. The total vote for President for 1868 was 5,722,984. 4. We never heard of his serving a term in Sing Sing. 5. He has not been married since the death of his first wife, that we have heard.

C. H., North Adams, Mass.—1. A child born of foreign parents, while traveling in this country, is considered entitled to citizen's privileges on coming of age, unless its parents be court represents ives of some other country. 2. We are not sure, but think the same law holds good in England, although there the voting privilege depends mainly on property qualifications.

JEFFERSON, St. Louis.—There is only one Joseph Jefferson connected with the profession. As Mr. Jefferson was not in either city to attend the rehearsals, the piece was not produced under his immediate direction his actual presence being necessary for the piece to be so produced. The fact of his owning the "props" and dresses has nothing to do with it.

GREEN ROOM, Utica, N. Y.—No; it was in the third round that Sullivan delivered a side-hander which caught Pierce behind or neck, we cannot positively say which, and staggered him back a couple of steps, finally bringing him to a sitting posture on the ground. In each of the other rounds Sullivan was either thrown or knocked down.

SMOKETOWN SUB.—He was locked up, afterward released upon bail, re-arrested after the funeral of Felix Larkin, placed in jail at Salem, Mass., and at his trial last month was convicted, but sentence has been deferred. He was released upon bail last week.

ALFRED, Baltimore.—1. Billy Reeve called for his letters on the 6th inst. 2 You can procure it from Thompson and Riggs, whose address we still find elsewhere. 3. He has not been married since the death of his first wife that we know of. 4. Four points are all that can be scored.

E. K. H., Savannah.—Your statement is so confused that we cannot understand it clearly. If W. and S. played ten games for $10 a game, and W. won eight and lost two, he will win. nings were $60. But if only nine games were played, and W. won eight of them, then his net winnings were $60.

BOB.—Mr. Jefferson returned to this country, from England, in the summer of 1856, and opened an engagement at the Walnut, this city, Sept. 3, 1856, in "Rip Van Winkle." Mrs. John Wood retired from the management of the theatre the season previous.

BILL S., Tiffin, O.—Your effort to gain a little cheap notoriety is the palpable, William. You know very well that he has left for California, and also that he could not come within several pounds of the weight you mention.

M. D. P., Mahony City.—1. A magician has to pay a State licence of $100 a year, in addition to the regular city or town licence. 2. J. & E. Lubin, 559 Broadway, this city, manufacture magic apparatus.

BUCKEYE, Salem, O.—Sayers fought Crouch, Collins (twice), Jack Grant, Jack Martin, Nat Langham, Sims, Harry Poulson, Aaron Jones (twice), Bill Perry, Bill Benjamin (twice), Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle and Heenan.

NUMQUO, Whitehall, Mich.—You are in error. Ed Price, who fought Coburn in Canada, is at present residing in Washington, D. C., where we believe he was admitted to the bar some months ago.

B. B. B., Huntsville, Ala.—The salary of the Mayor of New York is $7,500 per annum; of the Chief Engineer of the Croton Department, $5 000; Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, about the same.

L. W., Paterson, N. J.—1. Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, England, April 17 h, 1860. 2 He is living in this city at present. 3. It is possible that Mace will visit the States during the present year.

W. R., Newton Corner.—Too late for publication; should have published them with pleasure had they been received earlier in the season.

C. E. B., Baltimore, Md.—1. The advertisement will cost you $4 20 for four insertions. 2 You can get the book from the Masonic Publishing House, 432 Broome street, N. Y.

P. P. F., Philadelphia.—Doran's Annals of the English Stage is in two volumes, and can be had of Carleton, book publisher, in this city, on Broadway, above Broome street.

W. J. R., Elmira.—1. If you are a good performer in that line of business, you ought to obtain from $30 to $40 a week. 2. Charley is considered a good performer.

W. R., Philadelphia.—John S. Clarke is in London. We are not advised as to when he will return to this country. He did announce his intention of returning last Christmas.

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MULLIGAN, Boston.—1. Do not quit the mercantile life for the stage. The former is the more certain. 2 The salary of such a performer is from $30 to $50, but he must be good.

A. C. M., Salem, O.—You can obtain it by ordering through Wemer & Rogers, 47 Nassau street, this city. It will cost you about two dollars.

J. I. S., New Brighton.—If the bird has once been out of bounds it must be scored a "missed bird," even if it returns and falls dead within the boundary.

F. R., Dubuque.—Hattie Thorne is in San Francisco, and Emily Jordan is residing in this city, having retired from the stage.

WANSKUCK, R. I.—The fastest mile ever run in this country, authenticated, and with the proper weight, was by Legal Tender, in 1:44.

A. A. M., Chicago.—The bet is void; not in consequence of your nephew having been on a certainty, but because he used fraud and artifice in making it. Tails answers A. M. V.

TOM BORDIST.—Such a book is frequently advertised in the CLIPPER.

A READER, St. Louis.—The three-ball French-game consists of twenty-one points, caroms only, one point for each carom.

JAS. THOMAS, Cincinnati.—1. Fisher. 2. Pike is good, but it is hard to tell which is the best. 3. She is married.

DON'T KNOW.—The lady has been married and has children in England. She is in the neighborhood of 34 years of age.

J. M., Providence.—It is pronounced by giving "h" the full sound, and not as if it was a "k."

S. S., Lorsceming, Ind.—Bob Brettle never fought Bill Benjamin.

H. A. B., Detroit, Mich.—Jem or Nick Ward never fought either Tom or Jem Belcher.

F. W. O., Buffalo, N. Y.—If it reaches us by Monday morning it will be soon enough.

MERCHANT, Baltimore.—We know nothing, either for or against the parties.

S. H. B., Phillipsburg.—Write to J. & E. Lubin, 559 Broadway, this city.

J. W. N., Brooklyn.—B had a right to make the change, seeing that no card had been played.

CHICAGO READER.—E should have played out his hand. No doing so, his partner must lead off.

GAMBRINUS.—The poem is uneven, and the broken Dutch is not kept up throughout. It is respectfully declined.

W. H. J.—You must declare to go alone.

READER, Boston, Mass.—We are not aware that he backed either man, but if he did, it was, in all probability, Gallagher.

B. K., Kansas.—Since Alaska has been added, it is difficult to give the exact centre of Uncle Sam's dominions.

READER, Albany.—Order "Saunder's Domestic Poultry," published by Orang Judd, 245 Broadway, New York.

T. G. R., Aurora, Ill.—The President cannot pardon State prisoners, only United States prisoners.

READER, Rockford, Ill.—The pinnated grouse (not pintail) is identical with the prairie chicken.

REPRESENTATIVE, Reading, Pa.—Billy Edwards is in this city. A letter addressed to this office will reach him.

C. D. F., St. Louis.—Uges out first, his Jack counting before B's high game.

BATES, Philadelphia.—We cannot give you the desired information.

J. H. S., Lyons, Ia.—"o; it was George Thompson (Bob McLaren) who was beaten by Morrissey in California.

WILL D., Corsant.—As C. voted the straight Republican ticket, he voted for Grant, and D wins the wager.

FRIEND, St. Louis.—Johnny Thompson is considered one of the best.

JONES, Philadelphia.—The article having been disposed of the advertisement was omitted, according to orders.

JAMES D., Pottsville, Pa.—Heenan and Morrissey fought at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20 h, 1858.

J. H. H.—The lady is not married, and her parents are living. Your other question is of too private a nature for us to answer.

C. M. S., Sharon, Pa.—Coburn and McCoole were to have fought May 27th, 1868.

T. C. M.—You have not the right to play it alone under such circumstances.

CONSTANT READER, Brownsville.—You will not have to advance any money to get such a situation.

E. N. Nashville, Tenn.—1. Madame La Grange is of French parentage. 2. Yes.

J. W. B. Albany.—Watch our Music Hall summary.

FRANK GRAY, Winona, M. T.—Thank you.

WILLIS, Springfield.—The lady is in San Francisco, Cal.

GRAY, Boston.—He resides in Baltimore, Md.

DEBUTANT.—Utility men get from $12 to $16 a week.

W. T. W., BRITTSVILLE.—Not known here.

BREWSTER STATION.—No. They are not made public.

X. Y. Z., Cleveland.—We know nothing about it.

CAPT. JOHN TRAVIS.—Send or a letter.

W. J. S.—He is not engaged anywhere at present.

C. H. K.—They are lying idle at present in this city.

JOHN CROSHER.—Sent your letters to Whi by on the 8th.

HAMLET, Memphis.—We prefer Edwin Booth.

M. C. W., Trenton.—No charge. See elsewhere.

THE CLIPPER BUILDING.

In order to keep pace with the age we live and do business in, to increase our own facilities, to add to our own comfort, and last, but not least, for the convenience and accommodation of our very many friends and patrons, we have caused to be erected on the south east corner of Leonard and Centre streets, a very handsome and stylish edifice of Ohio stone, which, notwithstanding our native modesty, we do not hesitate to say is AN ORNAMENT TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK. It has a frontage of fifty-seven feet, is five stories high, and its architectural style is demonstrative but pleasing; is fitted up with all modern conveniences, and we need hardly say that it cost money. The chief gratification to us is that it will be the CLIPPER'S permanent headquarters, where we can always give hearty welcome to our numerous visitors without feeling abashed on account of the structure we do business in; and we intend to become a fixture there some time in April—probably in time to issue the first number of a new volume, and when we shall celebrate the seventeenth birthday of the dramatic and sporting organ of America. As we do not intend to occupy the whole building ourselves, there are, of course, portions which we intend to let, including two fine stores with basements, on either side of a grand entrance, and offices on the third and fourth floors. The former would be, in our opinion, convenient locations for a sporting and theatrical goods emporium, and in the latter a dramatic agency would not be out of place. These are hints, merely, to be acted upon, of course, as parties may feel disposed, for we are well aware that its location is desirable for many kinds of business, and for law offices and agencies. As our main object is to get good permanent tenants, and as we are not believers in extravagantly high rents, we have fixed upon reasonable rates. Parties wishing to become fellow occupants will find instructions in an advertisement on column 1, page II.

THE COMING REVOLUTION.

THE LAST SCARE.

It is perfectly evident to all reflecting minds that the world is on the eve of a social revolution which will reduce all convulsions that have preceded it to the dimensions of a tempest in a teapot. The bearded bipeds have no idea of the danger in which they stand, but let 'em sleep the sleep of false security a little longer, and, when endurance has ceased to be a virtue, too late they will waken to the consciousness of the fatal error they have committed. It won't be long, at this rate, before the lords of creation will be obliged to take some action in self-defense, and the "Rights of Man" become a common cry throughout the land. Look at the places of amusement—just look at them! Why, sir, women are getting to be so cantankerous that managers can't get them to go on for anything but "breeches parts," and they almost invariably reject a role that don't give them at least one chance of firing off a pistol or taking a hand in a broadsword combat. In a drama of exciting interest recently performed, a gay young brunette was cast, among others, for a breeches part; and what do you suppose it was? Sir Walter Raleigh, by Jove!—Sir Walter Raleigh, one of the greatest of English admirals, whose prowess had been proved in many a fight, and whose name struck terror to the hearts of his country's opponents. To be sure, in this case, the performer wore a pointed beard and ruff, and had little to say, but when the piping voice struggled up from the artificial hedge of hair, the contrast was so great that even the strongest nerves could not resist; politeness gave way, and a roar of laughter followed that shook the house to its foundations. And this wasn't a burlesque at all, but a serious production. We once saw a lady—a favorite with the public—perform the two-fold part of the Corsican Brothers, and splendidly she did it, but if any of our effeminate dandies were to assume such attitudes or gesticulate as she did, they would become objects of suspicion to the most clear sighted of policemen. The dear creatures have a great passion for Romeo, and even Charlotte Cushman, although supposed to be impervious to such sensations, seized upon it after seeing Macready, and made it a specialty. A lady, who essayed William in "Black Eyed Susan," was handsomely received each time she played it; but whenever she turned her back to the audience, displaying the profulgent part on which the name of a vessel is usually painted, the spectators laughed until the tears ran out of their soppers. No amount of "ahoys" and "heave aheads" could destroy the effect of that exhibition. Next they will go at "Othello" and "Richard," when they may claim to have fairly "passed the barbican," and man will be obliged to don the crinoline, or seek relief at the end of a clothes line in self-defence. Making mountains out of mole hills, do you say? Why, haven't they gone to riding bare back steeds and jumping hurdles in the arena? and aint they performing on the *trapeze*, and on the tight rope, and the *corde volante*, and aren't they beginning to oust us from the management of the theatres? and don't some of 'em want to get into Congress, and argufy eternally, and smoke cigars and play billiards, and all that sort of thing? We say it, and we say it boldly—the business must be put a stop to, or by and by we shall have Mrs. Salmi [illegible] husband, and there won't be no editor, but women editors, and the men won't have nothing to do but to wash the dishes and to tend the baby, provided by that time there's any babies to attend to.

SPIRITUAL FRAUDS.

There can be little doubt but that the sect of spiritualists are augmenting rapidly in Europe as well as in this country, the method of conversion employed by their leaders being of that semi-miraculous character which rarely fails to captivate the senses, if not to convince the reason of those induced to investigate its pretensions. In no one instance have we discovered the feeblest attempt made to demonstrate the moral or ethical nature of the new belief, or to sustain the supernatural character of its revelations by a resort to the ordinary rules of logic, or to the principles of physical science; on the contrary, it is claimed to vindicate the truth of spiritualism that, as to causes and effects, it is entirely antagonistic to all previously accepted theories of moral and natural science, or in other words, that the manifestations and revelations of the spiritual philosophy, visible or audible, do not emanate from natural sources, but are the direct product of an immaterial agent, whose actions are in no wise subjected to terrestrial laws. In fine, the sole argument of spiritualism consists in a resort to a series of infinitesimal miracles, touching the meanest relations of human life, plain and palpable to the most stupid comprehension.

Whoever has watched the rapid growth of spiritualistic mechanism cannot fail to remark the extreme ingenuity with which improvements have been engrafted upon the original and primitive design, proportionately as the sphere of operations increased in importance. In the first place, we had the simple matter of raps, very astounding and mysterious, yet a most cumbersome method in intercommunication. Then we had a spirit alphabet; yet that, although more rapid, was a slow machine for this fast age; hence, in due course of time, we were favored with a new class of operatives—speaking mediums, trance mediums, writing mediums and other impressive bodies, who enable the spirits to indulge in every fantasy with the same ease and alacrity that is permitted us in the purely mortal form. By this ingenious process of gradual developments the machinery of spiritualism has become perfect, for, now a days, we are assured that spirits deliver public speeches, write heavy volumes, paint portraits, play pianos, and perform almost every act which could be accomplished in the flesh.

But all these marvelous properties are as naught compared to the last and most astounding demonstration of miraculous powers as exhibited in the presence of certain mediums. Heretofore, the spirits themselves have been strictly invisible, save to the experienced eyes of well developed affinities; but now we are to be treated to a direct testimony of their actual reapparition on this mundane sphere, by a visible reproduction upon paper of their features and lineaments as they are at present existing in the spirit state.

In Boston and in this city intense excitement has been created by the exhibition of "spiritual photographs," or ordinary *cartes de visite*, such as are in vogue with the general public, but which, if the negative be taken in the presence of some stated medium, will be found to reproduce not only the portrait of the living sitter, but to give a shadowy, yet distinct, outline of the features of one or more relatives or friends, acting as his guardian angels in the celestial sphere. As a matter of course photographs of this description are eagerly sought after, notwithstanding their high price, the chief object of their employment being the conversion of the scep tical to a belief in the truth of the new dispensation, for we all know that a majority of our race are inclined to a concurrence in the true adage: seeing is believing.

That an exposition of the many frauds, perpetrated in the name of spiritualism, has little or no effect upon those who persistently adhere to a belief in its supernatural philosophy, we are well aware, yet it is due to the general public that, whenever a new phase of this mania is presented to them, a thorough and candid investigation should be instituted as to the merits of its pretensions. We moreover conceive it to be the duty of scientific men, in every instance, to examine and explain the latent forces, imperceptible to the casual observer, employed to throw a miraculous veil over a natural cause. Upon inquiry it will be found that, in all these novel inventions, the spiritualists themselves, so far from being financial losers by their public operations, are invariably heavy gainers, generally from the pockets of sceptics, otherwise the trade of mediumship would fall into disuse ere the lapse of many weeks.

The "spirit photographs," to which we have alluded as the latest of impositions, are the products of a very ingenious optical arrangement, which was devised by no ordinary man, but which can be applied by any operative photographer without resort to mediums or other paraphernalia of spirit intervention, as it is a purely mechanical and chemical contrivance. That the effect of a spirit photograph upon the ignorant, or rather upon those circumstanced by the medium or their production, is startling, every one must confess. To take one's seat in an ordinary gallery—to have one's likeness taken in the ordinary way, and then to have presented to you a *carte de visite* of your own features, embellished with the weird like vignettes of one or two faces representing your deceased mother, sister or child, is assuredly an operation provocative of a belief in a supernatural agency.

To allow all photographers the benefit of creating these marvelous photographs, we will briefly describe the manner in which they can be taken. Placing the sitter in the suitable attitude, but so as to have a fair margin of the plate to be used for the purposes of the "spirit" likeness, the negative for the designed photograph is taken in the usual manner and in the full sight of the sitter. This accomplishes the first part of the operation, performed publicly and above board. Before cleansing, developing and fixing the negative, it is exposed for a minute or so to the action of the sun's rays, as thrown through a reversed solar camera into a darkened chamber. At the larger end of the solar camera is placed a positive upon glass, printed from a negative previously taken from nature, of a woman, child or man, whose reflection is carried through the lens until it falls upon that portion of the negative previously taken on the ordinary camera which has been reserved for the spirit figures, the impression of which, as a matter of course, is indistinct from the ground having been before subjected to the operation of light as reflected from the screen.

The negative, in this way doubly operated upon, is then developed and fixed and a photographic print taken from it will discover the original sitter, clear, sharp and distinct, having been taken in focus, with the additions of a female or other head in the back ground, shadowy, vague and comparatively indistinct, imperfections calculated to conform to the etherial nature of the apparition it is alleged to represent. And as the second part of the operation is performed without the knowledge of the sitter, ignorant of the principles of optics, he is most naturally astounded at finding himself in company with a being, to his eyes invisible in original form, and consequently inclined to place credence in the word of the attendant medium, who, for all practical purposes, might have been a mile off, that the second figure on the *carte* is the handiwork of the spirits.

The use of the reversed solar camera, a patented instrument employed almost solely for transferring photographs to porcelain vases, cups, and other round or uneven surfaces, is by no means common with the operative photographers of this metropolis, and hence the semi-magical effects, produced through its employment, are likely to escape detection at the hands of even a skilful artist, confining his experiments to the use of the camera obscura.

Akin with all other spiritual demonstrations, the production of spirit photographs is greatly dependent upon guesswork on the part of the medium to establish its claims for fidelity. The intermediary never claims to produce a given spirit, but asserts that the appearance of the shadowy vignette is proof positive of some spirit being in attendance, and, moreover, that it must have been that of some friend or relative of the sitter's, otherwise it would not be on the plate, whether he be able to recognise the features of a person known to him or not. Beside, according to the argument of spiritualistic seers, the features of spirits oftentimes change in their pilgrimage beyond the grave, so that your mother, grandmother or aunt in the "summer land" may exist in a totally different cast of countenance from that bestowed upon them while on earth. We have exposed this last phase of spiritual imposition, as well for the purpose of calling attention to an ingenious application of optical effects, as to undeceive the credulous, too prone to accept as an evidence of the supernatural, that which they cannot instantly comprehend, and in this wise they fall victims to incorrigible charlatans.

ONE OF 'EM.—A Washington letter writer says that "a joke can only be got into Congressman Bingham by a *surgical* operation; that he is as calm as a cow pen and solemn as a *goat jest*." As to the joke business, we suppose it must be something to cut him deeply, in order for him to *see it* or *feel it*; but we have heard that it has had to cow him, that his *gall* and mien are imposing, and that he is well posted on law.

LOOKING UP.—A foreign journal makes mention of the fact that an Israelite was some time since appointed a judge in Prussia. No Jew ever occupied a judicial position in that country before. This evidence of the progress of liberal sentiment in behalf of the children of *Israel*, as "Our Jim's" Irish friend remarks, *is rale* gratifying.

HEAVY.—A great fuss is now being made about Mr. Pratt, the new Senator from Indiana, and great stress is laid upon the fact that he weighs in the neighborhood of four hundred pounds. Now what matters it how much he weighs if he weighs well the propositions and measures presented for his consideration.

KENKEN'S POEMS.—Houghton & Co., of London, publishers of Swinburne and Menken's poems, have, or are about to bring suit against an American firm for reprinting "In Fadets," by the late Adah Isaacs Menken. The work is now in its fourth edition. No one but Houghton & Co have received any money for the poems.

THE STAIRS in Baron Rothschild's house in London are all covered with plates.

JENKINS AT THE BAL MABILLE.

Of course everybody knows Jenkins. Everybody has, sometime in the course of his or her existence, been thrown in contact with Jenkins, or been immortalised by his pen. Jenkins has, in times aforegone, been subjected to the satirical sallies of the press, but he has manfully maintained his ground in spite of opposition, and is even a greater favorite with the public than ever before, while his emanations embrace a much wider range. It is a vulgar error to suppose that Jenkins is confined to the limited area of a fashionable ball, although, to be sure, he prefers to bestow his attentions where money is most plentifully lavished. He is great in the field of criticism, where he kicks up his heels at public opinion, and indulges in the most laughable antics. There is nothing that he does not find it profitable to praise, and he lays it on, as the saying is, "with a trowel." Let but the faintest breath of fashionable perfume cling to the skirts of vocalist, or dancer, actor or actress, and there is no limit to his admiration. He was once a notorious stickler for opera pure, and could rattle you off the names of the leading characters and the titles of favorite airs as trippingly as you pleased. His critiques were redundant of technical flourishes, *andante* and *staccato* and *con spiritu*, and he was posted as to the register of voices, but the advent of *opera bouffe*, which playgoers here were tardy of recognising under its proper name of *burlesque*, sadly demoralised him, so that, while he still dwells with delight upon the elegant wardrobes and exquisite *tournures*, he is equally at home in participating in the pleasures and portraying the habits of the gay *demi monde*. The city missionaries would have wooed him in vain in their forays upon the dancing halls of Water street, where they absurdly imagined that they had got to the root of the evil, but when flavored with a spice of luxury, the association is not altogether opposed to his taste. Heretofore he had frequently to complain of the difficulty of obtaining a full representation of names, but as the exclusively fashionable season wears off, the *demi monde* obtains ascendancy, and the true spirit of the carnival reigns supreme. Only a few days since the censorious public was thrown into a flutter by the open announcement that a grand ball, on the plan of the Parisian *Jardin Mabille*, was to come off at a certain up-town resort, heretofore consecrated to innocent pleasures, which was to be attended by all the grizettes and lorettes, as well as the flashy fast women and dashy young men of the town. Jenkins was there, with a number of his patrons, for the purpose of gratifying a purient public taste, but the jealousy of certain squeamish publishers and readers has prevented a liberal publication of his notes. It would have edified and delighted the majority to know that "Slab Sally" looked charmingly as a vivandiere, and danced with the most ravishing skill and agility; that "Blowsy Bess" sailed into the cancan with true Terpischorean energy, and bucked up to her partner without exhibiting the slightest signs of fatigue; that the "Sing Sing Bloater" and the "Nobby Smasher" were there in fashionable attire, and took an active part in the festivities; that "Nance the Duchess" wore "a charming *demi-poitrine* of azure silk, with ve vet *pelerine* and *legumes* in her hair;" that "Slouchy Sue" was dressed in "a superb *jupe* taffeta, *gouffre mouche de zabrillon*, skirt *a la demi jambe*, hair *en papillotes*, elastic garters," and that a great many others presented a similarly fascinating appearance. Jenkins was familiar with all these details be ore, and probably knew that *point d Alencon* is not confined to the upper-crust circles, having, perhaps, a tended many balls of this kind under circumstances of less general notoriety; and, as another "*grande demonstration*" is rumored to be on the carpet, he does not despair of being yet enabled to cover whole columns of the newspapers with the particulars, and thus to popularise the exciting pastime.

BUCEPHALUS.

If you want to get a bargain and make use of it, mind, a bargain that will attract the envy of your acquaintances and cause you to be pointed out on the road as a noble fellow, just betake yourself to a horse bazaar, and engage the services of the first officious equine sharp that may throw himself in your way. The result, if it should not possibly turn out all you might wish, will at least afford you an agreeable sensation or two, and render you an object of conversation with your friends. Mingling with the throng of inspecting purchasers, you assume a knowing air and discourse of the superior merits of that noble animal, the horse, in a manner, by the way, which convinces the listener that you know nothing whatever about him. You are spotted at once by several persons of the most honorable intentions, each of whom has an animal that he knows is bound to please. Their horses are all remarkable for their gentleness and docility, and can go in or out of harness with equal facility. On learning that what you desire is an animal of another color—something of superior quality, a thing all dash and fire, calculated to give a fellow—you—they still have got exactly the article you want, but such chances, of course, are not to be had for nothing. You assent, and are forthwith introduced to a stylish looking affair with legs like pipestems and a "waist" like that of a modern belle. "Will you prefer to take a turn?" It is not necessary. You like the looks of the animal, and he grows in your affection as you listen to a recital of his merits—which, it is needless to say, are limitless. He is purchased, paid for and sent home; and now begin your trials.

At first, to get the hang of the creature, you drive out with him alone to single wagon. Discover at the outset a fault to be corrected. Bucephalus has a habit of starting off just as you have got your foot upon the step to mount; inconvenient, perhaps, but still easily corrected and at the worst only indicative of a horse of spirit. After two or three upsets and being twice run over, at a ruinous expense in doctors' bills, you fancy you have got the mastery, and take your family out for a ride. Now you learn that your Bucephalus balks behind a carriage, and he embraces the first opportunity to overturn the vehicle, spilling the entire family, bruising a couple of children, staving the carriage to pieces with his heels, and running away with the fragments. He bites, too, does Bucephalus and that mild, meek glance of his eyes turns to a look of fury upon the slightest provocation. He has a will of his own, and rushes blindly at fences with a sovereign contempt for bit or bradoon, and on the first attempt to ride him brushes the rider off against the lower limbs of a stunted tree, which he sagaciously selects for the purpose. He kicks out the brains of the first man that carries him, and proves to be endowed with a most voracious appetite, eating up with avidity not only all the hay and oats you can set before him, but likewise his stall, his blankets, and such bits of harness as may chance to fall in his way. "Pshaw!" observes a friend who is posted; "can't you see what the matter is? Wonder it didn't strike you. Why, man, he's a *racer*, and full blooded at that. Such an animal as that will never submit to harness. Try him on the turf and you'll find what he was made for." *Did* try him on the turf; handicap race of two miles, for a cool five thousand; when half way round the course threw his jockey, and sat down in field adjacent to nibble clover tops. Very sick for several weeks—stomach much swollen and disbanded—taken with heaves and choking. Led off to the nearest veterinary surgeon's, who greets him as an old acquaintance. "That infernal brute here again? I thought he must have been dead half a dozen years. Kills all his keepers, sir, and ruins all his owners. Better get rid of him before he kills *you*!" *Nota bene.*—A week after that there was another large sale of "blooded stock" at the auction mart, and among the articles offered was—under a taking *alias*—Sucephalus.

"IF."—General Grant was inaugurated President of these United States on the 4th of March, according to programme, and everything, except the ball in the evening, went off with *eclat*. Ulysses has taken good care of the boys in his appointments, Aleck coming in for the money department, while the man that "marched to the sea" is made a full General, and Philip Sheridan a Lieutenant General. The President's inaugural was "neat, but not gaudy." "Our Jim" is in Washington seeking an interview with the President. He wishes to give him some advice, we presume, like all office seekers.

EDWIN FORREST is said to have recently refused to play in New Orleans on Sunday nights. We do not wonder at it; six nights are sufficient to tire any actor, and if Mr. *Forrest* should wish *for rest* on Sunday night, no one should censure him.

DIGGING.—The *Express* suggests that a good field for missionary effort would be the conversion of the women in Virginia and elsewhere who dig. We presume our contemporary thinks that to *dig* does not comport with the dignity of women, and is therefore very indignant at it.

A GREAT DEAL has been said about the skill and ingenuity of the beaver. On the other hand we hear that down in Virginia they have been doing mischief by cutting down shrubbery and young trees. If this be so, the beaver must be a very bad animal. All aboard that's going!

JUST SO.—The *Herald* is of the opinion that our councilmen use too many carriages at the public expense. Well, like a good many other people, we presume they are fond of being borne about the city so long as the indebtedness is borne by others than themselves.

FAST.—They are a pretty fast people out west. One of the papers out there tells of a couple who were married after one hour's acquaintance with each other. This union after an hour's courtship is second to none that we ever heard of, and that's why we make a minute of it.

WELL NAMED.—A woman recently died at Tarrytown, at the advanced age of 105. The name of the place where she lived and died—"Tarry-town"—was very appropriate.

QUEEN VICTORIA receives the snug little salary of £385,000 per annum, which is at the rate of £1,000 per day, and a fraction over £16 13s 3d every minute, sleeping or waking.

EUCHRE MATCH.—On he 23 h ult. a four handed contest took place at Hogan's, New Haven, Ct., between a quartet of experts—Reeves, Bill, the Stone Cutter, and John Grinder

received. The latest aspirant for the honors is the western star, Callie Cairns, and, if we may take no', he will make Swift look wild. The day has not been set, as yet, for the match, but it will probably be some time next week, at the Rochester rink.

WHAT IS A RINK?—This is a question that has been frequently propounded this winter, since the erection of what are called skating rinks. To answer the query, a Bostonian has investigated and got the thing down to a dot, as will be seen by the appended quotations:—

Rink.—(1) A ring or circle. Derbyshire.
(2) A man. *Rel. Antiq.* I. 75; *Halliwell's Archaic Dic.*
Rink, rynk. A strong man.
To Rink.—To rattle, to make a noise, to run from place to place, and shout, to scamper about (ringh-kel-en Teut).
Rink, Rynk, Reek.
(1) A course, a race; also rink.
(2) The act of running.
(3) The course of a river.
(4) Station allotted to each party at the commencement of a tournament.
(5) A distinct encounter in a tournament
(6) The course in the diversion of curling; *a ring.* (See *Curling*, below.)
(7) The division of two opposite sides into smaller parties, at quoit playing.
(8) Rink is still used in the south of Scotland as signifying a straight line. It also denotes a line or mark of division. In this sense it is applied to the line of division on the Border, between Scotland and England, and the public market annually held a few miles south from Jedburgh is for this reason still called the Rink fair.—*Jamieson Scottish Dict.*

Curling. (See Rink, def. 6.)

An amusement on the ice in Scotland, in which two contending parties push or slide forward great stones of a hemispherical form, of from forty to seventy pounds weight with iron or wooden handles at the top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner which had been well laid before, or to strike off that of his antagonist. The great art of the game is to make the stones bend or curve in toward the mark, when it is so blocked up that they cannot be directed in a straight line.—*Field.*

BRIEF MENTION.—Carrie Augusta Moore is in town..... "Nine Fat Boys of Gotham," weighing 500 pounds each, appeared at the Cleveland rink on the 6th, accompanied by a "Miss Gentleman from the Green Mountains"..... A grand masquerade was given at the Newark, N. J., rink, on the 6 h..... The rink at Quincy, Ill., has been floored over, to admit of parlor skating and velocipede riding..... Mr. A. G. Harvey, the popular manager of the Rochester rink, was tendered a complimentary benefit on the 6th, on which occasion Miss Elwood, and Messrs. Goodrich, Pratt and Powers appeared..... Joe Mauch, a veteran professional, rides a velocipede on the ice..... Eugene St. Clair, a Cincinnati skater of some note, is at present in the city..... The water at the Union Pond, Williamsburgh, has been drawn off, and a velocipede track laid..... A carnival is announced for this evening at the Jersey City rink.

CARNIVAL AT THE HUB.—The skating rink in Boston presented a gay and festive appearance on the evening of the 5th inst., when a fancy dress carnival was held. A very large company were present, dressed in elegant costumes of great variety, and all entered with unusual zest into the enjoyment of the hour. Among the gentlemen, T. Guiney Brown, President of the Skating Rink Association, and Mr. Fuller, were particularly noticeable for the elegance of their costumes, and the son of Brown was also dressed in a beautiful and picturesque attire. Among the amusing features of the evening's entertainment was the appearance of a champagne bottle mounted on skates, that circulated quite freely among the skaters, without being uncorked. The wonderful three-legged man also swung around the circle several times, and the elephant performed a variety of tricks, under the direction of Mr. Littlefield, his keeper.

SKATING FOR A PRIZE.—On Thursday evening, 25th ult., five young men residing at Kalamazoo, Mich., contested for a belt given by the stockholders of Arcadia rink. The ice was in fine condition, and the attendance of ladies and gentlemen was quite numerous. The competitors were Messrs. Dexter Sapp, F. Grimes, L. Hixon, W. Wing and Chas. A. Allen. Messrs. Trowbridge and Carnell officiated as judges, while Mr. Burrell held the office of referee. The match was started in accordance with the rules of the New York Club. The match was commenced at eight o'clock and finished at ten, when it was found that the score stood as follows:—Sapp, 93; Grimes, 79; Hixon, 64; Wing, 62, and Allen, 33.

TOURNAMENT AT BUFFALO.—At the Buffalo Rink, on the evening of the 5th inst., two badges were skated for. Miss Oberlist and Miss Treiglgus were the contestants for the ladies' badge, and after a spirited contest the former won. Messrs. Teller, Alport, Batery and Bloomer contested for the gentlemen's medal. The former won, scoring 83, the next highest being Alport, who scored 53. Callie Curtis, F. O. Pease, Jr., and Mr. Don Beatty were the judges.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. Henry Schanslin, one of the directors of the Buffalo Rink, was presented with a gold ring set with a blood stone, on the 26th ult.

THE BOSTON RINK will be used for velocipedestrianism as soon as the skating season is over.

BILLIARDS.

THE GRAND TOURNAMENT.

CLOSING OF THE ENTRIES.

The prizes in the tournament for the new championship, which is to begin at Irving Hall, in this city, on the 26th proximo, and continue until May 8th, will be a rich, costly, emblematic of the billiard supremacy, and one thousand dollars in cash. The cue is now being manufactured by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, who, besides giving it as a prize, also contribute the one thousand dollars. Unlike the emblematic cue held by the various State champions, the one now being made will be but twenty-four inches in length, and fabricated from gold, pearl, and ivory. It is designed to make the ornamentation very elaborate, and the extremity of the butt will contain four jewels, representing the four balls, two white and two red, with which the American game is played. In addition to this cue, which he will hold subject to all challenges, and until superior play wrests it from him, the winner of the greatest number of games in the tourney is to receive $400 of the original purse, forty per cent. of the entrance money and forty per cent. of the net receipts; the second winner $250 and 25 per cent. of entrance fees and receipts; the third, $175 and twenty per cent. of entrance-fees and receipts; the fourth, $125, and ten per cent.; and the fifth, $50, and five per cent. It is possible that the room-keepers will contribute a purse, in which case it will rank according to its value, and the prize is supersedes be divided among the others in the same proportion as the entrance-fees and receipts. A Standard American regular-size four-pocket table will be used in the tournament. Subsequent contests for the cue may be played on either pocket or carom table, at the option of the contestants first obtaining it. It is desired to make the tournament-games 1,000 points each, and this cannot be done if there are more than seven competitors, without playing in the morning, as well as in the afternoon and evening. The players who have thus far declared themselves competitors are A. P. Rudolphs and Peter Snyder, of Chicago; Joseph Dion, of Montreal; Melvin Foster and John Deery of this city; and William Goldthwait, of Williamsburgh. It has been decided to close the entries on the 20 h day of March. Applications for admission must, therefore, be made prior to that date, to Phelan & Collender, and be accompanied by the entrance fee ($50), which will be added to the prizes.

MELVIN FOSTER CHALLENGES FIRST CLASS BILLIARD PLAYERS.—The skillful cueist sends us the appended card for publication:—

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—DEAR SIR.—I shall be pleased to make a match with any first class billiard player, to play, within two week's time, the same game as that at which I am to meet Mr. Joseph Dion, on the 6th of April, the game to be played at Odell's room, or such other place as may be mutually agreeable, and upon precisely the same terms (new table, new balls, etc.), as are to govern my match with Mr. Dion, with the single exception that the stake be for $250 a side, instead of $1,000. The object of this challenge is to secure for myself an opportunity for substantial practice, with an opponent presumed to be my equal. The match can be made upon application at Capt. Boyle's. Yours resp ctfully,

CYRILLE DEPLANTE JOSEPH.—The brothers Dion played a practice game at Montreal, C. E., on the evening of the 26th ult. The game was opened by Cyrille, and was well and evenly contested up to about half way, the play exhibited by b h eliciting frequent applause. On the seventh innings Cyrille got the balls together, and by a succession of brilliant shots he contrived to r l up the formidable figures of 486. This run, of course, almost precluded the hope of Joe even having a chance (minus the push shot), and on the next break the younger brother, as usual, ran the game out. The following is the score:—

C. DION—2, 63, 51, 12, 15, 50, 52, 51; 46, 0, 0, 0, 14, 100, 21, 18, 486. 21—average, 55 5-9th.

J. DION—39, 23, 50, 53, 2, 42, 3, 223, 8, 32, 9, 0, 0, 16, 27, 21, 54—4 verag', 34 14-17ths.

SHOWING THE CUE IN ILLINOIS.—On the evening of the 2d inst. an exhibition game of billiards was played at the Opera House Billiard Hall, Quincy, Ill., the contestants being the well known knights of the field of the cle h of green, Joseph Vermeu en, of Chicago, and James Furlong, the proprietor of the above room. The game was 500 points up, push barred, and was won by the former in thirty-one innings. The largest runs were:—Vermeulen, 38, 36, 50, 99, 73; Furlong, 33, 48, 117, 75, 31. V's average, 16; F.'s average, 14¼. About three hundred persons witnessed the game. Mr. Vermeulen was to proceed westward on the 4th inst., going as far as St. Joe, Mo.

NOT BAD, EVEN SOR FOSTER.—On the 4th, in playing upwards of 2,000 poin s without the push shot, Melvin Foster averaged 120. Three games of 500 points were played, one of which Foster ran out from the word "go," and all of which he won. His opponent was Michael Phelan, who received the odds of discount. The day before Foster ran out a game of 300 from the start, and two days before that, while discounting Phelan, he got as high as 517, stopping because his opponent had left the room in disgust. All the games were for sums ranging from ten dollars to twenty.

CHALLENGE TO THE CHAMPION OF WISCONSIN.—Adam Kleser, Champion cueist of Wisconsin, is in receipt of the subjoined document, promulgated by a player in Fond du Lac, who participated in the late tournament held in that city:—

GOODEN S. FALES General Commander.—DEAR SIR.—I hereby challenge Mr. Adam Kleser, of Milwaukee, now the Champion of the State of Wisconsin, to play me a game of billiards of twelve hundred points, carems, push shots barred on a second-size table of E. Kleseman & Co.'s make. The game to be for one hundred dollars a side and the Champion Cue of Wisconsin, and played three months from date.

W. W. SEAVER.

FOSTER AND GOLDTHWAIT.—These men had a friendly bout at the Odeon, Williamsburgh, on the 6th inst. The game was 750 points, caroms. Goldthwait played splendidly, and Foster, after the first three or four innings, did not half try to play. The result was Goldthwait beat him two to one. The winner's average was 41, and the loser's 30—the worst he has made since he began to practice without the push shot, which was six months ago. The best run was 136, made by Goldthwait.

DION AND FOSTER TO PLAY NEXT MONTH.—It has been arranged that Joseph Dion and Melvin Foster shall play their match for $1,000 a side, on the 6th of April, in Montreal. The game will be 1,000 points, without the push shot. Dion has been practising for some time past, and Foster will begin immediately, playing daily either at Capt. Boyle's Astor Billiard Room or Joseph O'Connor's Columbian.

FOLEY CHALLENGED BY FRAWLEY.—Not satisfied (for reasons which he gives, and which, if true, are sufficient) with the result of his recent contest in Chicago with Thomas Foley, John Frawley, of Cleveland, challenges him to play another match for $1,000 or more, in any city save Cleveland and Chicago.

DESTRUCTION OF A BILLIARD ROOM IN HARTFORD.—Mat Mowris' billiard room, on Main street, Hartford, was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of the 24 inst., involving a loss on tables alone of $6,000. Insured for $3,000 only.

EXHIBITION BY DEERY, FOSTER AND GOLDTHWAIT.—On the 2d inst., at Louis McCleish's, there was an exhibition by the above experts. Deery successively defeated Foster and Goldthwait, and Foster and Goldthwaite beat nobody.

THE CRICKET SEASON.—Concerning the coming cricket season there is very little stirring just at present. It is very early as yet, however, for cricketers, who are generally slow in getting to work. The St. George Club will probably put forth an eleven that will keep up the reputation of the "Dragon Slayers." Their new ground at Hudson City, N. J., has doubled in value since they purchased it, and there is some talk of selling it this Saturday to an Long Island somewhere. Morley, the professional with whom there was some trouble at the end of last season, will remain with the St. George. The New Yorkers are endeavoring to strengthen their ranks by the addition of base ball players, who are fond of the cricket game. The Williamsburgers, who have a little ground in Brooklyn, are looking forward to a season of great cricket as they have not experienced for some years. The fiasco that attended the importation of the English professionals, last season, still not seem to be forgotten. As a speculation, the affair was a decided failure, and we have undoubtedly not missed the last of such questionable importations. As soon as ice has shall set in the cricketers will commence practice in earnest.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

THE SPRING RACING CAMPAIGN IN THE SOUTH.

MEMPHIS, MOBILE, AND NEW ORLEANS MEETINGS.

The racing campaign of 1869 is just on the point of being opened in the South, and from present indications the season promises to be a most brilliant one. The sports of the turf have ever been highly popular in that section of the Union, and the home of racing has always been in the States south of Mason and Dixon's line, since Diomed was imported into Virginia seventy years ago, and founded a "line of kings" among race horses, which still holds sway on the American turf of the present day. Slowly but surely recovering from the social and commercial prostration consequent on the late protracted war, the South is again turning her attention to the "sport of kings," and racing is rapidly reviving, especially in the States of New Orleans, Tennessee and Alabama. The spring campaign opens on the 23d inst., at Mobile, with the meeting of the Magnolia Jockey Club, lasting five da s, with two races on each of the first four days, and three on the last. On the first day there are stakes for two and three year olds, with $500 added by the club for each. On the second day there is the Mobile Register Purse, of $250, and the Merchants' Post Stake, three mile heats, for all ages; $100 entrance, with $1,000 added by the merchants of Mobile.

This will be the great event of the meeting, and will, probably, bring together the famous cracks Bivouac or Privateer, from Captain Moore's stable; James A. Connolly from Sneditker's; Plantagenet or Sundown from the Althone stable, and others. Should Bayonet and James A. Connolly come together, the interest attached to the race would be intense, for thousands have been wagered in the north on the result of the first meeting between these two renowned racers, at any distance, from mile heats up to four mile heats. On the last day there is a two year old stake, mile heats, and a three year old stake, two mile heats, with $500 added to each; winding up with a mile heat race for beaten horses, for a purse of $250. We trust the spring meeting of the Magnolia Jockey Club will be more successful than the fall meeting, when the patronage bestowed upon it was so limited that the Secretary and Treasurer of the club, Mr. William Cottrill, was individually $3 000 out of pocket by the meeting, he having made himself personally responsible for the purses given on that occasion.

The Spring Meeting of the Metairie Jockey Club, at New Orleans, follows immediately after the Mobile Meeting, commencing April 3d, and continuing six days, with two races on each day. The purses and stakes here are unusually rich and liberal, the sport commencing with a sweepstakes for two year olds of $500 each, $100 forfeit, and $500 added by the club. This is a dash of a mile, and we presume will bring together such two year old fliers as Alta Vela, Cottrill, Carrie P., Kilgour and others. The meeting of the two first named would be highly interesting, for Captain Moore stoutly maintains that his grandson of Daniel Boone will clip the heels of the Athlone stable's flyer whenever they meet, while John Davis asserts the latter is the fastest two-year old ever trained. The second race will be equally exciting, being the Metairie Stake, a two mile heat sweepstakes for all ages, $1,000 each, play or pay, with $1,000 added. Such a rich stake might probably bring together James A. Connolly and Bayonet, or some other representative of Captain Moore's formidable stable, did we not know sufficiently well that the owner of Connolly would not risk his $1,000 entrance, unless he has a dead certainty of winning before him. But the Missouri stable (Mr. O'Fallon's) is certain to be represented, either by Sundown, Plantagenet, or Banshee; while Conlisk is pretty certain to have a cut in with Gilroy or Little Mack; Keene Richards with Carris Atherton, and E. Warwick with Transit. The other most important stakes at this meeting (besides two handicap races, now introduced here for the first time), are a two year old sweepstakes, $300 each, and $350 added; and a sweepstakes for three year olds, $500 each, play or pay, with $1,000 added, three mile heats. The entire programme of this meeting is one of unusual excellence and liberality, the amount of money given by the Jockey Club amounting to $6,700.

Closely following the New Orleans Meeting is that of the Memphis Association Course, which commences April 19 h, and continues six days. From the tastefully printed programme before us, we observe that there are two races on each day of the meeting. On the first day there are two stakes, the first for the two year olds, dash of a mile, and the second for three year olds, mile heats. On the second day there is a two mile dash, and a mile heat race, both for all ages, with second money to the second horse. On the third day there is a hurdle race, and a mile heat race, with second money, and on the fourth day a two mile heat race and a dash of two miles, all ages. On the fifth day is the principal event, the City of Memphis Post Stake of $1 000, three mile heats, for all ages, followed by a mile heat race for the Overton Hotel purse of $250. The closing day has a race of mile heats and a handicap dash of one mile. It speaks well for the liberality and love of the turf of the City of Memphis to notice that the large sum of $4,800, added money, is to be given at the forthcoming spring meeting.

The Union Course, L. I., Rules of Trotting.

AMENDMENTS PROPOSED.

The proprietor of the Union Course, Long Island, in his desire to harmonise the old established rules of trotting which have always governed this track with the more modern regulations adopted by other leading trotting courses in the United States, has announced that from this time forward the following changes in the Union Course Rules are adopted and gone into effect from this date:—

RULE 7TH is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—"The time between heats shall be, for every mile, twenty-five minutes, and for every additional mile an additional five minutes."

The time between heats on this course has hitherto been twenty minutes, and an additional five minutes for every additional mile.

RULE 11TH is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—"The pole shall be drawn for by the judges. The horse winning a heat shall for the succeeding heats be entitled to a choice of the track. On coming out on the last stretch each horse shall retain the track first selected; any horse deviating shall be distanced....In any case where a driver run into his wagon or sulky broken down without fault on his part, the heat shall be deemed no heat so far as the horses not in fault are concerned; but he who caused the break down shall be distanced; and if the judges find that it was done wilfully, the driver in fault shall be ordered ruled off the course. Or if by any outside interference or obstruction a vehicle is broken down in a race, the heat shall be deemed no heat."

The first clause of this last rule is the same as in the original Rules and regulations of the Union Course; the last, relating to foul driving, etc., is new, and an admirable improvement. These amendments to the old rules are judicious and well-timed, in view of the coming great trotting meeting on the Union Course, but we could have wished that Mr. Shaw had added another to prevent too much time being lost in scoring, such a was adopted on the Fashion Course last season, but never enforced in practice by its proprietor.

THE PROSPECT PARK FAIR GROUNDS TROTTING MEETING.—We are glad to perceive that, in consequence of our remarks, the programme of the coming trotting meeting originally announced has been withdrawn, and an amended one, as far as giving the distances and style of going in the respective purses is concerned, substituted. The condition requiring both Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy to enter for the $2,000 purse on the first day is still retained, and as it is well known that the owner of the latter horse, Commodore Vanderbilt, has declared that he will not enter him in any purse or trot him in any race where more than two start, this purs is to fall through. The principal feature of the meeting, the $4,000 purse, will be deprived of much interest in consequence of Lady Thorn being debarred, but it is certain to produce a good race.

THE PATERSON SPRING RACE MEETING.—This once popular meeting with the race loving citizens of the metropolis, is, we are glad to announce, about to be revived, and we trust with all its former prestige and success. The leasees of the course held a meeting at Paterson a few days since, at which the time of holding the Spring racing carnival was fixed, and the programme of the sport arranged, subject to alteration and improvement. Next week we hope to be able to give the card of proceedings as finally fixed upon. It is gratifying to find that the glories of this racing resort are about to be revived, and that the course on which Norfolk, Kentucky, Captain Moore, Lizzie W., Lodi, Ziggag, Nannie Craddock, Fleming, Merrill, Bayswater, De Courcy, Monday, and others gained their laurels, is still likely to witness the "sport of Kings," the contests of noble thoroughbreds.

SLEIGHING RACE.—A sweepstakes trot, half mile heats, best in 5, to sleighs, took place at Riverside Park, near Boston, Mass., on the 31 inst., between the black mares Lady Wellman and Violetta, and the grey gelding Jem Mace. In the first heat Mace took a short lead soon after getting the word, and, although every inch of the circuit was closely contested by Violetta, he remained at the front throughout. The second heat resulted differently, for although Mace remained at the post of honor until within thirty rods of the score, Violetta beat him out handily and was awarded the heat. Jem Mace secured the next two heats, however, and was declared the winner of the race.

RACE MEETING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—A race meeting is announced to be held over the National Fair Association Course, at Washington, D. C., on the 18th of May, and three following days, being the week succeeding the Spring Trotting Meeting over the same course. The amount of money in the eight purses to be run for is $3,500, and possibly some of the Southern stables *en route* for Jerome Park, may be induced to take Washington on their way, and contend for the purses offered to defray their traveling expenses.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Lincoln Spring Meeting.

SEVEN WERE THE LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP AND A HEAVY STAKE—A SERIOUS CATASTROPHE OF THE COURSE DURING A RACE—ADMIRAL ROUS ON TURF REFORM—A LUCKY BET—DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN TRAINER.

The legitimate racing season of 1869 in England opened on the 16th ult., with the Lincoln Spring Meeting. So unusually mild and genial has been the past winter that racing may be said to have had no interruption of their favorite sport, the only w nth's or so allowing the enjoyment of both flat racing and steeple chasing continuously from last November until the inauguration of the regular legitimate turf campaign. The remarkable openness of the past winter was evidenced in the fact that at Lincoln upwards of two hundred race horses were assembled to fulfil their engagements, all in the bloom of health and condition, and showing that their training had suffered no interruption during the winter months. The racing commenced with the Trial Stakes, for which six started, Acrobat and Bonnie Kate monopolizing all the betting. The former turned up in Mr. Saville's filly, by Stockwell, out of Buchanan's dam; Bonnie Kate second, and Harvey or (who was once thought highly of for last year's Derby), third. Then followed the Brocklesby Trial Handicap, for which sixteen horses came to the post out of the forty two entered. The animals most heavily backed were The Sphynx at 10 to 3; Laird of Scotland, 5 to 1, and Peridot 6 to 1; and the winner proved to be Laird of Scotland, who won a fine race by a neck from Lord Westmoreland's Rasty, and headed a fifteen strike for his party. The Innkeepers' Selling Plate was won by Pompoli, beating six others, and the next event was one of those races which Sir Joseph Hawley's motion before the Jockey Club is designed to prohibit, it being the Brocklesby Stakes for two year olds. Twenty-two younger ers were saddled for the race, the colt by Blair Athol, out of Lady Louise, being made the favorite at 3 to 1, his trial with Rotty (second to the Trial Handicap winner) always a good one. Over the Queensbury stable backed him very heavily. Next in demand was the Duke of Newcastle's Stephanoris, at 6 to 1, and Baxter to Verdi, at 10 to 1, the free style of going of the latter gaining her many supporters. Quick on her legs, she jumped off with the lead at starting, and was in a canter by four lengths; Fate, a daughter of Mazeppa and Sagacity (Derby and Oaks winner) second, and the rest nowhere. Then came the principal feature of the meeting, the Lincolnshire Handicap, which has been the principal betting race for some time past. The start, which was from the Abbey, had been backed for thousands by the public for weeks past, for this race, unfortunately broke down in his exercising canter on the morning of the race, hitting his leg and smashing the pastern joint. He was immediately struck out of the race, so that there was no chance of hedging a dollar of the money for which he had been backed, but his owner, Mr. Naylor, had not a dollar interest on him. Van Amburgh came with such a rush into the market that at short odds as 6 to 1 were taken about him, making him the first favorite, while sustained by the support he received, the Hermit had many friends who had been the favorite from the weights appeared, and readily backed, came to 100 to 15; Vauxite being backed at 7 to 1; Drummer at 8 to 1; Silvens and Istem 100 to 8 each, and Sir Agnus Gosling, Treblemore and Lady Kirkland, 25 to 1 each. Mr. Graham started both the Drummer and Passover, and on the result showed, one of the pair gained a place. Seven were the men in a position to claim the winner was purchased at the last Goodwood Meeting by Mr. Beaumont for 300 guineas, and in consequence of the general belief that she could not stay the course, a long price could always be obtained about her, and her victories hit the betting ring pretty hard, few occasions lasting against her. Guy of Warwick won the Hurdle Race Handicap in such easy style, in a field of eleven runners, that only 15 to 1 was offered against him for the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase.

On the second day of the meeting, Fate, a small but racing like daughter of Macaroon, who had run second to sister to Vanda for the Brocklesby Stakes, won the Blankney Stakes from a dozen runners, her owner thinking so highly of the performance that he refused 1,000 guineas for her after the race; Bonnie Kate being second, and the French colt Roquefort, reported to have been tried very highly, third. It will be recollected that Mr. R. W. Cameron, of this city, imported a daughter of Macaroni, who won the Derby in 1863, out of Elfrida (Inverness), who is consequently half sister to the winner of the above stakes. Peradea, a son of Newminster, won the Scurry Handicap, and landed a good stake for his party, and Mr. Chaplin's Acaster, who had disappointed his owner in the Trial Stakes, beat Mistletoe in the After Dinner Stakes. Historian won the City Handicap, thus repeating 1867 victory and beating the favorite Bessie Dixon, Honesty second, Reindeer (who won it last year) and nine others. An accident occurred in the race which caused a thrill of horror among the spectators. Rounding the turn April Morn struck into the heels of one of the leading horses, and falling, rolled over in the midst of the rack of horses. Hardsell and Lady Zetland also came to grief in consequence, and others of the horses had narrow escapes. This catastrophe undoubtedly affected the result of the race, as Islam up to this time had a clear lead of six lengths, but from this point Historian and Honesty joined issue, and the race was left to the two latter. Historian winning by a neck. The fallen jockeys, Covey, Craddock and Burnard, were assisted into the stand, and the first named was found to have fractured his collar bone, while the latter had escaped with severe shakings. The Juvenile Selling Stakes, for two year olds, was won by the favorite, Mr. Chaplin's colt, by Kettl-drum, out of Nelly Gill (one of the fastest milers of the day), beating eight others in such easy style that his owner had to buy him in for 250 guineas over his entered price. Barbarian won the steeple chase handicap in such hollow fashion, that his stable companion, Pilgrim, at once jumped to 5 to 1 for the Grand National at Liverpool. Lord Westmoreland's Maiston beat Pericles and two others for the Burghersh Chantry Stakes, unsetting the odds of 11 to 8 laid on Pericles. The meeting closed with the Gorseaway Plate for hunters, for which twenty-two started. Sir Walter, who had won at Brighton, and was ridden by the clever gentleman rider, Mr. Bevill, was made the favorite at 100 to 30, but the winner turned up in Scarrington, against whom 8 to 1 was offered, and who had won seven out of nine hunters' stakes last year.

Admiral Rous, the acknowledged racing authority in England, has just published a letter in the London *Times* on turf reform, reviewing the proposed motions on two year old racing, now before the Jockey Club, introduced by Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Coventry, and pointing out the effects that would result from their adoption. He holds controverts the general opinion existing that thoroughbred horses have degenerated, owing to the early training of two year olds. While he acknowledges that such premature training has crippled many, he maintains that it has in no way affected the breed, and that inasmuch as early trained and turned out are more likely to drop good foals than those which are kept in training to a mature age, because after five years in a horse's stable their constitutions suffer by the cold weather. He confidently asserts that there are twenty thoroughbred horses now in England able to carry 224 pounds, to one which could have been found in 1815. Racehorses must be broken in as yearlings, or nine out of ten would become "rogues" for life, and this consequently gives advantage to teach them their business at an early age. A fine grown colt disengaged as a two year old ought to be trained at that age to be tried in November for the double advantage of ascertaining his form, and for the facility of getting him quickly into condition, after a prolonged winter, to run for his springengravements. If proved to be bad, the colt is put out of training, and the owner is released from a further heavy bill in the premises. In the great misfortune of the turf as being owing to that barbarous system of racing from February to the end of November, which ought to be prohibited by act of parliament. It is not, he says, the usage of running two year olds, it is the terrible abuse; for several two year olds in 1868 ran three times as many races as the celebrated horses in the last century ran during the whole course of their career. He is opposed to the motion of preventing two year olds running before the 1st of July, on the ground that three-quarters do not become fit to run by the Jockey Club, and that it would be an unwarrantable interference with the rights and privileges of the owners to dictate to them when they ought to commence running their young stock. If this motion is adopted, as well as the others, to prevent two year olds running in a handicap, or from running off a dead heat, the Admiral thinks they will be nugatory and inoperative, except at Newmarket, as the Jockey Club has no authority or power to enforce them elsewhere. The expression of the veteran Admiral's opinion on the subjects of turf reform and two year old racing, has given rise to considerable discussion among turfmen, and is certain to be productive of benefit to the interests of racing.

A commission betting man in London has executed a lucky commission for one of his clien s, who had forwarded him $5 to invest for him on a tripple event, viz.:—Svoee winning the Lincolnshire Handicap; Master McGrath the Waterloo Coursing Cup, and Pearl Diver the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase. He has realized the odds of $5,000 to $5 against the three events named coming off, but as the first trio have been decided and the winners were named, the fortunate taker of the bet has now such capital hedging on the last event, the Steeple Chase, that the bet is now a very valuable one.

The well known Newmarket racing trainer, Richard Cotton, recently met with a fatal accident on the Eastern Counties Railroad, under circumstances that at first gave rise to suspicion that he had committed suicide, but subsequent investigation completely disproved that idea. He was traveling from London to Newmarket, and was seized with a fit in the railway carriage, and, when endeavoring to get out at a way station, fell forward on his face, and died shortly afterwards. The deceased was subject to fits as well as being affected with heart disease. He was trainer for many years for Gen. Wood. Mr. Alexander, and Messrs Swindle is and S phenson, and had lived a long time in Australia, though he returned to England, but had suffered from th climate. The popular light-weight jockey, Osborne, had recently a narrow escape from a serious, if not fatal, injury. He was present at a pigeon match at Lewes, and was standing near one of the shooters, when the gun of the latter burst, and a small remnant of the barrel hit Deacon, and penetrated clean through his cheek.

At Harrow and Pontefract two Spring Meetings have been held, but although well attended, and attracting large fields of horses, proved very inefficient as to the quality of the racing, except in one instance. This was at Harrow, for the Two Year Old Stakes, for which six ten horses started. Captivator, with Fordham up, was made the favorite, but after one of this great jockey's most brilliant finishes, he was beaten on the post by the French bred filly Lavandiere, by Pretty Boy. An objection was lodged against the winner by the owner of Captivator, alleging his sire was a French mare, and that the proper veterinary certificate had not been delivered to the Messrs. Weatherby, the secretaries of the Jockey Club, as required by racing law, which expressly states that "No horse foaled out of the United Kingdom shall run for any race until his owner has produced a certificate of some racing club of the country where the horse was foaled, or from the Mayor or other public officer of the district, stating the age, pedigree and color of the horse and the marks by which he is distinguished; and also a certificate of the horse's age, signed by a veterinary surgeon, being a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons." The case was investigated by the stewards, who have referred it to Admiral Rous for consideration. It will be remembered an objection was raised by Mr. Graham, the owner of the mare Regalia, against Gladiateur's age, when the latter won the St. Leger, and the above law was passed by the Jockey Club to identify foreign bred horses, and prevent the substitution and running of older horses for them on the Turf as four year olds.

Van Amburgh, who so grievously disappointed his owner, Mr. George Angell, in the Lincolnshire Handicap, in which race he did not even gain a place, has been sold to Mr. Hodgman for $3 750 to lead Paul Jones and Vestminster on their training gallops for the Chester Cup. Mr. Angell, disgusted with the many disappointments he received from Python, sold him to Mr. Bennett at Lincoln, for $2 500, and Mr. Hodgman sold his two year old filly Lady Kew, who ran second to Mr. Chaplin's filly Kettle in the Juvenile Selling Stakes at the same meeting, to Mr. J. Potter. Meanwood, the clever winner of the Birmingham Steeple Chase, is announced for sale for $2,500, and Sir Charles Legard was so pleased by the performance of Lord Westmoreland's three year old grey colt by Master Bowt out of a mare by The Nabob, who won the All Aged Selling Stakes at Lincoln, that he gave $1,300 for him immediately after the race.

The betting on forthcoming events has not changed much since our last report. The Colonel still keeps his station for the Liverpool Grand National Steeple Chase, and gradually improves it; 9 to 1 being the highest offer. Alcibiade, the winner in 1865, is next in demand at 12 to 1, while the ridiculously easy victory of Bonbarton in the Lincolnshire steeple chase over Ace of Trumps, has brought Tathwell into prominent notice, and 100 to 8 is freely taken; indeed, 650 to 100 is booked about him, counted with Alcibiade. One of Warwick and Thames received 1000 to 6, and Pilgrim 100 to 8. Dick Turpin at 1,000 to 50, Globule at 1,000 to 40, and Bishopstone, The Lamb, and Brick at 1 000 to 30 each, have met with support. The race was run on the 3d inst., so we shall have the result in our next issue.

There was little betting at Lincoln on the Derby and Two Thousand Guineas, and the friends of Mr. Merry's crack, Beldrum, looked forward with anxiety to that meeting, to clear up the mystery that surrounds the horse. The opposition against him by the bookmakers, including some of the most powerful and influential of the ring, continues to increase instead of diminishing, and although reports from his training quarters are not unfavorable, there is evidently a screw loose somewhere. Two or three of the heaviest betting men have evidently got the office from some quarter to lay against him, for they never tire of doing so, or of getting a guinea out of him. The Derby, without bringing his friends to his rescue from impending downfall. Wild Oats is firm at 9 to 4 for the Guineas, and at 6 to 1 for the Derby; for which latter event Pero Gomez, who is reported to be progressing finely in his training, is the first favorite at 9 to 2 offered and 5 to 1 wanted. Pretender, who is reported to have turned roguish and shifty, has receded to 1,000 to 70 offered, while the dark Prestonpans, Beaminster, alleged by his friends to be a second Gladiateur, is backed at 50 to 1 to a limited amount. For the Chester Cup, the favorite, Pam Jones and Romping Girl, have been very quiet at 9 to 1 and 100 to 8 respectively, while Egeon has been steadily backed at 100 to 6, and Clemence has advanced from 33 to 1 to 20 to 1, the highest offer. The Nottingham Spring Meeting is the next important fixture on the English turf.

THE GREAT WATERLOO COURSING MEETING.—This great Coursing Meeting was held over the plains of Altear, near Liverpool on the 17th, 18th and 19th ult., when the three rich prizes, the Waterloo Cup, Waterloo Plate, and Waterloo Plate, were decided. The Cup is the most important, being the "Derby of Greyhounds," and is worth $5,000 in gold, sixty-four subscribers at $125 each. Every subscriber runs a dog; consequently thirty-two couples contest the first ties; eight couples the second ties; four couples the third ties; two couples the fourth, and the two remaining dogs the fifth and deciding ties. The betting is enormous, heavy books being made on this event, and fully half a million dollars is dependent on the result. The cup contains a re of English, Irish and Scotch breeds, and the Cup was this year won, as it was last year, by Lord Lurgan's Lath dy, Master McGrath, the South Neb b the Rooster, who won the prize in 1867, running up with him. The Irish division won very heavily on the result, as they took the odds laid by the Scotchmen greedily. The Waterloo Purse, value $1,500, for the 64 dogs beaten in the first course of the Waterloo Cup, was won by Mr. Brocklebank's English bred Beechnuts, with Burdale (second). The Wa er on Plate, value $500, for the 16 dogs beaten in the first ties for the Cup, was won by Lord Sefton's Saltris, with Casselyon second. Upwards of ten thousand people were present.

VELOCIPEDE RIDES.—A velocipede rink was opened at Mr. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 26th ult., by Messrs. Tinkham and Harrison, and is well patronized. Old and young, adept and novice, may be seen running the bicycle, each in his peculiar way. There Mr. James' two daughters, aged 9 and 11, are to be seen daily "cutting figures" on the smooth floor. On the 2d inst. Miss Frank Gardein gave an exhibition of her skill, and did remarkably well considering that she took her first lesson less than a week before, this being the fifth time she ever rode. It was a matter of curiosity to many how a lady could use the "animal," but they were set at rest when Mrs. G. appeared dressed in a very pretty costume of white and red, the suit consisting of a skirt ty j ckee and old pantaloons gathered at the knee over pink stockings. A march by couples appeared on the floor over pink stockings. A march by couples appeared on the floor over pink stockings. A march by couples appeared on the floor

THE WIDOW JONES.

A THRILLING STORY OF MAN'S DECEIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Mrs. Jones was a widow lady
Of five feet nine, or more;
She was forty-eight and very straight,
And kept a milliner's store;
Old Jones had been dead for many a year,
She was getting old and lame,
So she took to drink and began to think
She would like to change her name.

The days were so dull and lonely,
The nights were so cold and long,
She used to sit in the little store
And think of the ones that were gone;
And heave many a sigh, and sob and cry
As only a widow can,
And think what a capital thing it would be
To catch some nice young man.

Old Jones had been a frugal man—
He died in the good old times—
He left his widow the little shop
And a goodly lot of dimes;
And so she dressed herself in her best,
And purchased a bran new rig,
A new glass eye and a set of teeth,
And also a curly wig.

Ah! didn't she look young and gay!
She hadn't long to wait—
One moonlight night a step quite light
Was heard at her garden gate—
A stranger entered, very tall,
With an air of ease and dash;
His hair was dark, and, better than all,
He had a nice moustache.

"I pray excuse," the young man said,
"The liberty I take;"
He bowed quite low as he took a seat—
"But I have an offer to make;
My name is Brown—I've a store down town,
And houses and goods and land;
I have two or three fine ships on the sea,
And I offer to you my hand!"

The very old bones of Mrs. Jones
Creaked as the young man spoke;
"When my dear Jones died," she faintly cried,
"My poor fond heart was broke;
And when I think of that darling man
I never again can wed!"
Ah! didn't she look charming then
As she shook her curly head!

"O, woe is me!" the young man cried,
As he tore his glossy hair,
"Recall, recall those hasty words,
Or you'll drive me to despair!
I've worshipp'd you for many a year,
I've lived upon your charms,
I am yours forever, body and soul,
O, take me to your arms!"

O, how could she refuse him then?
The tears coursed down his cheek,
He swore if she didn't marry him
He'd throw himself into the creek!
He spoke of his wealth, his real estate,
And when to go he rose,
She had promised to be his darling wife,
And he had some paint on his nose.

The happy day at length was named
When she'd be Mrs. Brown;
She sold the little milliner's shop,
And bought a house down town;
The rest of her funds put into gold,
And into a good strong box
She put it, along with the silver spoons—
And with it a couple of locks!

She was as happy as she could be,
And longed for the day to arrive;
It came—and she was Mrs. Brown
As the old town clock struck five;
They sat till ten and talked of love
Before the parlor fire,
Till at length she gaped and thought it time,
Quite time they should retire!

Her husband smiled a modest smile—
"Go up to our bridal bed,
And I will shortly follow you,
My own dear wife," he said.
He looked so modest and demure,
She could not but withdraw—
And he sat before the parlor fire
As they had sat before.

And Mrs. B. to her *boudoir*
Skipt, lightly as a fawn;
She took from her head her pretty curls
And put her night cap on;
Removed her eye—took out her teeth—
And then unscrewed her arm—
Looked in the glass—jumped into bed—
Then started with alarm!

What were those sounds of hurried feet
Below, upon the floor?
And naye! had some one just gone out
And slammed the big front door?
She jumped up quickly and ran out
Affrighted in the hall;
"Charles! Charles!" she cried—but oh! there came
No answer to her call!

Down stairs she rushed with footsteps fleet
Calling her darling Brown,
She looked for all the world like a ghost
In that bridal, frilled night-gown;
The gas was out—the chairs upset,
The window on the lawn
Was open—and good gracious me!
Her darling one was gone.

Gone—like a silvery shooting star!
Gone—like a last night's dream!
How gloomy, cold and deathlike did
The little parlor seem.
She lit the gas, looked round the room,
And, uttering a cry,
Took up a note from off the floor
That chanced to meet her eye.

"Good-bye, old gal," was what it said—
"I've got your box of tin;
I'm off! long may you live to take
Some other fellow in!"
She shrieked and rushed to see if he
Had got her box of gold—
'Twas gone! She fell in one long swoon,
Lifeless and very cold!

Next day detectives rushed around
Quite madly to and fro,
To see if they could try and find
Where that young man did go;
But years have passed and more will pass,
And never a single word
Of the gay young man with the glossy hair
Has been or will be heard!

MORAL.

Of course to this long story
A moral there should be,
And this it is—and with it
Old widows should agree.
Now if with nice young men you seek
To pass your honeymoons,
I hope and beg and pray that you'll
Keep one eye on the spoons!

J. H. B.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 46.—Meeting Houses and Ministers.

Prior to the English occupation of our city, although religious toleration was a paramount maxim with the burghers of New Amsterdam, the Dutch Reformed faith might almost be accepted as the established religion of the province. The Hollanders never, in any instance, could bring themselves to countenance any impediment to the free exercise of religious worship at home or in their colonies, notwithstanding the abundant traditions of their forefathers' persecutions during the sanguinary wars preceding the establishment of the Dutch Republic. Holland had afforded a hospitable asylum for the non-conformist refugees from England, and in this country the authority of colonial government was exerted in every part of the province to protect liberty of conscience, as was more than once illustrated by the intervention of the Dutch subcommanders at the more advanced settlements in favor of Jesuit missionaries, whom the Puritans of New England placed under colonial ban as instigators of Indian wars and ravages.

Herein the Dutch Reformed differed essentially from their French brethren of a kindred faith, for the very name, New Rochelle, bestowed by the Huguenots upon their main settlement, was designed to keep alive the memory of their unwelcome expatriation and of its cause. That the Dutch settlers were honestly religious none can gainsay, a fact the more remarkable, as their exodus to this inhospitable clime was prompted through no dread of religious or political tyranny or of fancied infringement upon individual rights, but simply and solely for the purpose of legitimate trade and commerce. Much has been said and written about Yankee enterprise and the value of New England energy as the foundation of the American commercial character. Yet to one conversant with our colonial history no greater fallacy can be proposed. The burghers of New Amsterdam having chosen as their emblem the beaver, still remaining on our municipal banner, imitated the labors of that animal in tranquility, and with much success, being regarded as honest, upright and indefatigable traders. Moreover, the spirit of the Knickerbockers has been transmitted to their descendants, intermarrying with subsequent immigrants of other nationalities, so much so, that go where you will in foreign lands, however distant, and you will discover at the head of every extensive and valuable enterprise a native born New Yorker, and in his veins you are sure to detect a trace of that much underrated but remarkably good old Hollandish blood.

It is to be regretted that the progress of municipal improvements has obliterated every vestige of unadulterated Dutch architecture, for the Middle Church, the purest specimen remaining to us, appears grossly disfigure! for the purposes of the Post Office, while the North Church, in William street, has been more than once adorned and decorated so as to lose its primitive character. The same has been the case with St. Paul's, on Broadway, as can be remarked by observing the steeple of this chapel, seemingly to be placed at the wrong end. It was only in May last that the final survivor of the Dutch domicils, a two story store and dwelling, of brick, with its gable ends to the street, and its roof covered with glazed tiles, standing in William street, one door below Spruce, succumbed to the raging hammer. True, there are some old farm houses still remaining on the island, notably that at the corner of 51st street and Seventh avenue, but these were erected after the incoming of the English, when more exalted architectural ideas usurped the attention of homestead builders.

As the English conquest brought with it naturally the establishment of the State religion, the Dutch as pertinaciously adhered to their particular faith, although, after the establishment of Trinity parish, endowed with numerous royal grants, and the erection of church edifices, more pleasing to the eye than the somewhat uncouth buildings of Hollandish design, many of the younger descendants of the primitive burghers, females particularly, captivated with the more volatile manners of their English swains, were seduced from the fold of the old church, oftentimes to the sore discomfort of their angered progenitors, who, with Dutchlike forbearance, soon pardoned an indiscretion, recurrence of which was beyond pastoral authority to prevent. But, as a general thing, the descendants of the original settlers, although dwelling as political equals with the English immigrants, conserved their old habits and practices as a sort of solace for their injured dignity.

During the revolutionary struggle it is evident that the Dutch Reformers and the Presbyterians were particularly obnoxious to the British authorities, inasmuch as, while the ecclesiastical property of the Episcopalians was scrupulously respected, the

by contemplating the dimensions of our present post office. Subsequently, upon removal of these unfortunate men, or rather, of their survivors, for they died at the rate of eight to ten a day, to the old Sugar House, and the Provost Prison, the present Hall of Records in the Park, the British converted the church into a riding school. The North church as well as the French church was used likewise as prisons, the former containing over two thousand patriots, while the modest Quaker meeting house in Pearl street was transformed into a hospital.

In my time, the most popular clergyman of the Presbyterian faith was the Rev. Gardner Spring, pastor of the Brick Church, opposite the City Hall, occupying the site of the present Times building, a gifted, but austere minister, who, at one period of religious agitation, created an intense excitement upon the subject of original sin. During one of his harrangues, for Dr. Spring was a nervous and eloquent orator although not as accomplished a divine as either Dr. Knox or Skinner of the same denomination, was reported to have mentioned "that there were infants in hell not a span long." This unwelcome information for tender-hearted mothers of deceased infants was naturally received by a wail out-Heroding that supposed to have accompanied the Murder of the Innocents in the year One. A polemical warfare on all sides ensued, and a vast majority of our favorite parsons had hell upon the brain for an indefinite number of Sundays, while the religious press teemed with irascible and erudite speculations upon the interesting topic, until the patience of even the religious world grew wearied out with incessant agitation, and a split in the church appeared at the time almost inevitable. Finally, for the relief of all concerned, the evangelical teacher was induced to qualify his expression in such a manner as to leave anxious mothers hope as to the possibility of their little ones being placed in more pleasant quarters.

Dr. Spring was an able man, but too warm an advocate of ultra Calvanistic views to suit the general masses of even his own denomination, who naturally rebelled against literalism in interpretation, which he frequently exacted.

A talented son of this clergyman, Dr. Edward Spring, a healer of bodies and not of souls, a learned and accomplished gentleman threatened to create as much excitement with the moralists as his father had done in the church circle, through perpetration of a couple of literary eccentricities, which at the time alarmed the sensibilities of the town. In the first place, Dr. Spring published a romance, "Olafar al Barmeel," on the subject of Barnecides, certainly not the most delicate theme to be touched upon by a popular writer, and least of all by a minister's son. His second transgression was composition of a play, entitled "The Wandering Jew," in the opening scene of which he introduced a character uttering these words:—"Tarry thou till I come," assuredly a singular flight of fancy, if not of blasphemy, emanating from the representative of a family distinguished for ultra piety. Happily for the peace and quietude of the religious portion of the community the romance, although published by equally pious Harpers, whose sanctity, in those days, was one of their best advertising mediums, was favored with but few calls from patrons of circulating libraries, cheap editions being then unborn, while the play was of too lofty a conception to please the groundlings of the Chatham pit, otherwise it might have enjoyed a successful run, and as a matter of course the seven days' wonder subsided.

Religious contentions remind me of the ludicrous controversy between the Rev. Dr. Potts, of the church corner of Reade and Duane, and the elder Dr. Tyng, of the Episcopalian ministry, which, promising at the outset to expand into a profound political theological debate, ultimately degenerated into a quibble over a term of logic. Mr. Potts having, at a dinner of the Sons of New England, been called upon to respond to some toast, landed, as an ultra loyalist, the manifold virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers, enumerating among the many miracles performed by these ancient worthies that "they had founded a state without a king—a church without a bishop." The churchman Tyng, deeming the latter part of the sentence an ecclesiastical enormity, indignantly repudiated in the public prints the possibility of a church existing without a bishop, very uncharitably leaving the king to take care of himself. Dr. Potts rejoined in a terse and pithy newspaper epistle, re-enunciating his former declaration and inviting his clerical antagonist to join issue with him in a journalistic discussion. Dr. Tyng thirsted for an opportunity to vindicate his allegiance to the time honored usages of the church, while Potts laid in a stock of goose quills to be dipped in evangelical gall and duly applied to cauterisation of the wound inflicted upon the honor of the Pilgrim demigods. The reading community was delighted beyond measure at the controversial spirit, beaming through every sentence of the prefatory epistles of either divine, and our people prepared themselves for an exhibition of intellectual athleticism unrivaled in the annals of our church history, and doubtlessly it would have so proven, had not a subtle obstacle presented itself in arranging the preliminaries. Which divine possessed the affirmative of the question? Potts said Tyng had and requested him to lead off; Tyng denied the premises and dodged behind the defensive, and the two literary combatants, after chopping logic to no available purpose, gracefully retired from the clerical arena, leaving us in blissful ignorance as to the settlement of the great point involved.

As far as the Episcopalians were concerned the question shortly became practically solved in the case of their bishop, Onderdonk, who, having been tempted by the flesh, at the instigation of the Evil One, fell decidedly from grace, convicted by a house of his peers of attempting indecent improprieties upon some ladies of his diocesans. A more serious canonical question then arose:—can a bishop be deposed? The church divided upon this knotty point, and years of argument ensued, to the great edification of outside believers, during which the bishop, although suspended from exercise of his episcopal functions, drew his salary regularly, although his labors were performed by a deputy shepherd. Bishop Onderdonk, notwithstanding his partial deposition, it is but fair to remark, numbered a host of friends, chiefly among the laymen, who incessantly sought to accomplish his restoration. Unfortunately for the bishop of this diocese, the record of a series of family failings militated against universal sympathy in his behalf, and his own brother, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, was like him doomed to ecclesiastical suspense upon similar charges, and about the same juncture of time.

The most popular preacher with the general mass of our population whom I can remember, that is, leaving out of consideration the spasmodico perambulating revivalists, around whom it was the ephemeral custom of religion seekers to congregate, was the Rev. Dr. S. H. Cone, for whom was erected the church corner of Broome and Elm streets. The personal history of Mr. Cone possessed many interesting features, bringing him prominently before the public upon his first appearance in a metropolitan pulpit. Nevertheless, despite these accidental advantages, his abilities were of too mundane a character, his genial disposition and personal accomplishments of too acceptable a nature, long to have suffered him to remain in comparative obscurity. Dr. Cone's early life had been a series of trials; he had served the country during the battle of North Point, being commandant of the sharp shooters, before whose rifles fell Sir John Ross, the British general, whose death doubtlessly averted the capture of Baltimore, and moreover he had been an actor, reputed to have attached to the Richmond (Va.) Theatre at the time of the ingenious destruction, and of the consequent appalling sacrifice of human life, which popularly asserted that a personal experience of the horrors of that terrible scene, regarded as a visitation of God's wrath upon forbidden amusements, operated as a motive power in effecting Mr. Cone's conversion. but such was not the case, and never could be with a man of his truly logical turn of mind, for I can conscientiously say that, for an extemporaneous preacher, I have never heard his superior for a clear, argumentative and well arranged method in discourse.

It is almost impossible, at this late date, to recall the sinister impression created by the Richmond disaster, and which lingered for years and years after its occurrence, so ardently was memory of the event kept alive by constant exhortations from the pulpit, as one particularly suited to prove detrimental to the drama and its professors. Not only in this city was the ebullition of pulpit denunciation keenly felt, particularly when the old Chatham Theatre succumbed to pressure of financial want and became converted into a religious temple, but in every quarter of the Union, for year after year, this one unfortunate incident served as the standard illustration of divine judgment upon play goers. In Boston, at Albany, and elsewhere, the conversion of a bankrupt temple of the drama into a well paying one of prayer was regarded as an event of universal jubilee among sectarians, and so deep seated became the senseless antipathy against dramatic representations with the rising generations that, in my younger days, a recognised methodist or baptist would prefer wading through the valley of death than jeopardising the fancied happiness of his hereafter through entering the portals of a theatre.

Some singular and equally baseless antagonism against prevalent custom has been perpetrated by the leaders of the Baptist denomination against participation in the mysteries of Freemasonry, although a large majority of the preachers belonging to that sect avoid incurring the censure of their more enlightened co-religionists, by openly assuring the brethren of the Mystic Tie. During the dark hours of the Morgan excitement, when the thunders of the pulpit united with the clamors of the political tribune to annihilate utterly a body of men, charged with a nought beyond suspicion of a crime, the Baptist convention formally anathematised the Masonic order, withdrawing from communion those professing church members, affiliated to the mystics. And notwithstanding that the return of sound second thought and the expression of public opinion has purged the fraternity from imputation of unworthiness, the denunciation of masonry, as with that of the stage, remains a fundamental rule of Baptist discipline.

The fashionable Baptist clergyman of my day, the bold and admired advocate of modern innovations and progressive improvements upon the superannuated practices of old fogyism was the Rev. Sidney A. Corey, somewhat flippantly designated as the "new John the Baptist." In personal appearance and in general manners Mr. Corey exhibited none of those sanctimonious attributes, assumed by the vulgar as evidence of a superhuman exaltation; on the contrary, being good looking, and the ladies generally concur in my opinion, he garbed himself in fashionable attire, or at least in the garments of a well dressed gentleman, while, as to demeanor, he was the Chesterfield of the contemporary pulpit. Possibly his confreres gave him a greater license than they themselves could conscientiously claim, for, like Mr. Cone, he had been previously an actor, and they charitably made allowances for the semi-vanities of one, who, in a paroxism of zeal, came out from the world—theatrical at that—did his first works and mounted a watchman upon the main towers of Zion. At all events Corey, actor as he had been, profitably employed in his new calling a few tricks of his previous trade, for never did the church of his adoption boast a more captivating intonation of voice, a more striking and insinuating method in declamation, a grace in gesture or ease in attitude. No wonder then our new John became the missionary of the new generation, of the fair sex particularly, and the aisles of his Twelfth Street Tabernacle crowded with a host of devotees, among them the presentation of the stalled choirs and the monstrous humdrums of the other temples, to drink in words of inspiration, redistilled through the silvery tones of a handsome semi-saint.

Methodism, as an offset, might have plead her John Newland Maffitt, once the shining luminary of the more demonstrative portion of that denomination, a clerical genius, deserting the tailor's bench, goose cabbage and board, going forth to preach glad tidings to the oppressed of the world, milliners, vestmakers and operatives of the female gender generally, for whose spiritual salvation he evidenced a more than fatherly solicitude. But between the fashionable Baptist propagandist and the honey tongued Methodist revivalist there were no traits in common, beyond their pre-eminent popularity over others of their ministry Corey was an educated man, speaking the language of common sense; Maffitt was, on the reverse, an ignorant, egotistical ranter, whose harangues were composed of sonorous words of cant, so arranged as to jingle harmoniously, yet senselessly, upon the ear of an excited auditor.

John Newland Maffitt was undeniably a man of great natural capacity, shrewd, clear headed, and gifted with a singular power of fascination, when once obtaining a hold upon his listener's attention; a person of no prepossessing appearance, yet with a pleasing cast of countenance, in which traits of sensualism predominated over those of decided intellectuality. The scandals of his clerical career were enormous, and, although hidden from public investigation, are known to have caused the ruin of many a sorrowing family, heart stricken as the trail of the serpent besmued their hearthside. The fate of the once popular preacher, almost worshipped by his deluded and deceived consectarians, should be a significant warning to libertines, showing the preamptive sanctity of a pastor's avocation. Incurring the implacable enmity of an individual whom he had previously wronged, his persecutor followed him at every footstep, with publication of his moral transgressions, showing him up as a leper, an incurable cast forth from the body of his race. In vain Maffitt flew from spot to spot; every mail brought fresh instalments of the denunciatory publication, until, finally, news was received of his sudden demise, somewhere near Mobile, in Alabama, avowedly a victim to a broken heart. The son of this preacher, bearing the same name, said to be an officer of honor and of ability, abandoning the United States Navy at the breaking out of the rebellion, and subsequently became commander of the Confederate steamer Georgia.

The Methodists, in my days, as well as the Baptists and Presbyterians, were divided into two factions, the younger portion of all the congregations rebelling against the strict laced discipline of their progenitors. The same thing occurred with the Society of Friends, and not many years ago a most angry

Hicksites, or innovators, went for garments of a more modern cut and less conspicuous hue. The friends of progress proving the strongest, the distinctive Quaker garb underwent such modifications from year to year that it has of late almost entirely passed from observation.

The larger portion of the methodists in America, annoyed at the well known toryism of their founder during the war of the revolution, had reconstructed their form of worship upon the broadest basis of religious republicanism, notwithstanding conservation of an episcopal hierarchy. It was adherents to this branch which flourished with unrestrained freedom during my earlier days, worshipping in brick meeting houses, steepleless and of primitive design, indulging in annual camp meetings, love feasts, and democratic ceremonials of every imaginable character. This class were the architects of the Allen and Bedford street churches, imposing piles, within whose interior the male worshippers were separated from those of the opposite sex as the careful shepherd severs the ewes and the lambs from company of the rams, bulletins of metropolitan repute, occasionally the scenes of religious displays, in which many participated whose names are familiar to "people of the world." For instance, within the walls of the Allen street temple Bill Tweed sang, once upon a time, in the choir, Jake Vanderpool did his first works, Fernando Wood repented and prayed, Chauncy Schaffer exhorted from the pulpit and Orville Gardner, like Saul of Tarsus, saw a great light.

The Wesleyans, beyond indulging in an occasional revival, retained all the dignity and decorum of their founder's example, maintaining hired pews and the commingling of the sexes in the body of the chapel, for such was the modest term they bestowed upon their house of worship in Mulberry street. The communicants of this branch, drawn from the more wealthy professors of the faith chafed beneath the restrictions sought to be imposed by their democratic brethren, and hence, discarding the humility of the Whitefieldites, they have changed their chapel to a church, have aspired to its embellishment by a steeple, and, worse than all, have descended to the idolatry of placing it beneath the tutelar patronage of a saintly evangelist, Thanks to the piety of Andrew V. Stout, the banker, and of Daniel Drew, of Erie fame, New York is favored with the pleasing spectacle of a steepled Methodist Church, dedicated in the name of St. Paul.

HIGH PRESSURE THEATRICALS.

The Stroller's Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Out in the green, luxuriant fields, where the smell of the clover and the new mown hay mingles in the wind with the breath of prairie and forest, a strolling company of players had cast their tent and halted for the purpose of arranging their stock and equipments before entering the town, whose roofs and spires loomed up so invitingly in the distance. I am supposed to be writing of things which happened years and years agone; in many cases the places alluded to have advanced from the condition of insignificant hamlets to the dignity of full fledged cities, and professionals now have regular circuits with established connections at all the intersecting points where an audience may be gathered, where their coming is welcomed as the coming of a friend; but the same effects are still at work to produce the same causes, and double more than one poor fellow is even now struggling through the vicissitudes of a stroller's life whose name is destined to cover an important space upon the walls and fences of the great metropolis.

Lest I get ahead of my story, let me here explain that the incidents which it details were not of my own observing, but were communicated between the puffs of a cigar by a veteran stager, to whom the public is since indebted for much of the gratification which has soiaced its leisure hours.

"I was a young man, but just escaped from my non-age," proceeded my companion, "when, after several obtrusive flights upon the minor boards, I became convinced that the time had not yet arrived which was to place upon my shoulders the mantle of a Kean or a Garrick; *supeing*, of course, I would not condescend to, notwithstanding the many examples of hard won success before me. I was often in the condition of the starveling servant in the drama of the 'Denouncer,' was continually having my dunnage seized for debt, and came near realising the fate of poor Savage, who oftener slept on the market stalls than in a bed for a Christian of moderate pretensions to lie in. I was sauntering one morning about the docks, in a somewhat depressed frame of mind, only deterred from plunging in by the reflection that I was too good a swimmer to sink, when some one slapped me upon the shoulder from behind, and I turned to encounter the animated features of my early friend, Jones, not a Smith in this instance, but a veritable W. G. Jones, whose Tom Crimples and Long Tom Coffins, and Black Eyed Williams were the delight of our boyish days:—

'Before we went a gipaying,
Long time ago.'

"'Ahoy, there, messmate!' said the full, good humored voice, 'take a tack and run under my lee while I swap a few words with ye. In sober terms, Jack, you've been lying ashore so long that your timbers are growing rusty, and need a fresh cruise to keep them in order. Yonder lies the good ship Apollo, of which I am master. Suppose you slip cables and make a voyage with me?'

"I looked up in a sort of bewilderment, and found that we had paused before a curious sort of craft resembling a seaman's bethel, shorn of its steeple, only that the structure was more showy in style, being built upon the hull of a steamboat, and having over its main door, which was at the forward gangway, a sign, which bore in conspicuous letters the words:—

'TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.'

"'What tomfoolery is this?' I asked for information.

"'No tomfoolery at all, but the greatest idea of the age; a floating theatre, which need pay no rent, and can travel from the continent in search of new audiences as fast as old patrons grow wearied. Will you cast your lot with us? There's Sutherland, Everard, Oxley, and plenty more like them, to keep us company,'

"It need not be said that I jumped with avidity at the offer to become interested in a project which, the more I reflected upon it, struck me as the happiest results. I was immediately enrolled and entered upon a round of the association dramas, to the great delight of all the ancient mariners, longshoremen and dock walloperst of every kind and degree. We performed a moderately prosperous season in this floating ark, at different slips in the populous parts of the city, but the mixed character of the audience proved the greatest obstacle we were called upon to experience. Their sympathies, unfortunately, invariably ran counter to the course of justice, and in favor of the thieves and assassins whose detection and punishment was the final upshot of all our plays, of which the hackneyed motto of the posters, 'vice defeated and virtue triumphant,' did not please them one much. A soldier, a police officer, or a priest in character, was sure to provoke their indignation, and the virtuous hero of the piece was made the object of numerous petty insults, both off the stage and on, while the villain was greeted with cheers, and his ultimate destruction was received with, 'ahs!' hisses and hootings. We were constrained to alter the most of our plots, getting the culprit off in safety at the end, but once, having neglected this precaution, the passions of the spectators, inflamed to an extraordinary allowance of tangle-foot, became so mutually excited that they took to hurling up the benches, and would probably have set the concern on fire, had it not been for the courage and the promptitude of our commandant, Bill Jones aforesaid, who rallied us for resistance, gave orders that the ropes should be cast off, and circulated a report that the coast had been scuttled and was sinking—upon which the aggressors jumped ashore or leaped overboard, and we were suffered to float quietly down the stream. Our pet establishment was indicted for a nuisance, so, not knowing what might happen, we headed up the river, intent upon astonishing the natives of the towns along the Hudson. We passed several weeks very pleasantly and with comparative profit, stopping awhile at Newburg, Poughkeepsie, and other places along the route, but before reaching Albany we were apprised of the mutability of human affairs, and especially of affairs theatrical, by an untoward accident. We had dismissed our last audience, and had retired to our respective berths to rest, when a storm arose, accompanied by a hurricane which carried away our pepper box, as the ventilating cupola was called, and blew us off upon a reef of rocks, where the good ship Apollo—otherwise the Temple of the Muses—stove a hole in her bottom and settled down to her waist in the briny element, leaving us to scuttle ashore with our baggage as best we were able.

"But an actor was never known to be long disheartened by adverse circumstances. We disposed of the remains of our Temple to the highest bidder, bought a couple of box wagons, manufactured a tent, and, after recruiting, set off for the inland settlements to try our fortunes the 'rounds of our genius.'

"Here we revert to the preliminary point in our sketch.

"The day was a cloudless one at the close of summer. Our agent had gone ahead to arrange for our anticipated *entree*, and to post the walls of Schenectady in anticipation of our arrival. The 'town,' as it was called by deference, was little more than a good sized village, and, as it boasted no amusements of its own, it was not difficult to induce the authorities, for the favor of a free admission, to consent to our giving a series of moral performances in the only commodious hall in the place. We passed the afternoon in perfecting arrangements. Of course we were surrounded by a curious crowd, who criticised our looks and gestures at a safe distance, as though we had been animals in a menagerie. A hulking fellow approached us, dragging rather than leading a well-grown young girl by the hand, who was really quite beautiful, in spite of her tears and her disordered hair and attire.

"'Be you'n the head boss o' this consarn?' asked bumpkin of our manager, bluntly.

"'I have that honor,' replied our *impresario*, bowing, in expectation of a sale of tickets.

"'O don't honor me,' retorted bumpkins, 'I'm up to your tricks—you can't humbug me. But here's a wench that's been good for nothin' ever since she got hold of your darned player books, neither to herself nor her guardeens, and so I thought as she was crazy I'd bring her to you.'

"'Really,' said the manager, 'you are complimentary, but our's is not—hem! not a lunatic asylum, although occasionally a little on the Bedlam order.'

"'Take her,' whispered our first comedy lady. 'I want a maid, and perhaps she can dance and sing also.'

"'Hoy, perhaps right there,' said the considerate guardian, 'it's about all she can do.'

"'What do you say, ladies and gents? You hear the offer. Shall we take her?'

The 'vagrants,' feeling interested in the girl, whose bright eyes regarded them so beseechingly, applauded the idea, and she was received among us with open arms. We found her intelligent and ambitious, and possessed of vivacity and wit, which, now that she was kindly treated, shone forth without restraint. For a song and a dance, and even for the minor characters, she worked in charmingly, but the serious drama was beyond her. The late possessor, who fulfilled the old adage about 'casting pearls before swine,' was a dull, lethargic, petty magistrate, with a better knowledge of the Farmer's Almanac than of Coke and Blackstone, and, having been considered in among the rest of the 'dignitaries,' paid great attention to the play, which was 'The Merchant of Venice.' This he listened to in silence, but when Shylock was admonished to take his 'pound of flesh,' but shed no blood, on pain of confiscation of his riches, the official could contain himself no longer. Rising in his seat, he exclaimed with great dignity, and in a voice the tones of which were distinctly audible all over the hall:—

"'That decision is clearly upon the evidence. A bargain's a bargain, and the Jew is entitled to his pound o' flesh accordin'. Go on, sir, go on! (waving his hand to Shylock, who was whetting his knife on his shoe), the authorities will purtect you in your rights. If there's any blood in the lamp, you can bile it out and hand it back again!' Here he was invited out to imbibe, and, coming back, was forcibly struck with the 'gal' who sang a duet with the junior of the company, and caused a sarabund between the acts. It was his discarded bantling, but so much altered for the better that he did not recognize her, and applauded heartily.

"Those were, indeed, the happiest days of my life, although my skies were alternately of cloud and sunshine. My range of characters embraced about everything, from lofty tragedy to harlequin and the villains in melodrama, and once, having ruptured with my comrades, I carried off the Fairy Star of the combination, married her, and went on an independent tour, giving recitations in costume, spinning plates and juggling, while my helpmate sang songs and danced dances to the general satisfaction.

"We came together again at Chicago, where we proposed to winter, and where an apothecary's clerk endeavored to make away with my little wife, with whose appearance he had been smitten while on the stage—then for the west, where we made both friends and reputation. Returning to the city I was strolling one day through a by-street, when my attention was attracted by the sound of a fiddle and loud laughter proceeding from a basement, and, looking about, I recognised a faded and battered relic in its sign, which bore the words 'To the Temple of the Muses.' It was the last vestige that remained of that noble, but ill-fated bark, the Apollo, which a disputed property man had brought back with him to the city, and, opening a modest public in the rear of one of the theatres, had mounted by way of sign-board.

DON O'GOTHAM.

BOSS, I'LL BUY YOU OUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY GUS PHILLIPS.

Diedrich Kreitzmeyer vas a man,
Dirty-fifs or more years old,
He keeped a shtore in Rootledon shdreet
Und groceries he sold.
He vas a kviet kind of man
Chust subtill like he hat a fit,
Und as long as he took in plandy shlumps
He vood'nt cruel a bit.

Diedrich hat a cousin-in-law,
Hese name vas Blimblebet,
He vas a glerk in der Grocery shtore
Und he sold dings by der peek.
Von Diedrich found dis Bimblebet—
Bimby vas awful poor—
He didn't had a single cend
Und hese feet vas on der floor.

Diedrich was sorry hend der man,
So he dook him in der shtore
Do work for noding der next dwo months
Und der frad dwo noding more;
Und Bimby had a fired rads dime,
He was giddin kind of fat—
Und he had a bran new suid of glose
Und a shplainded shiney hat.

Und efery nide ven he shud up,
Instead of goin do bed
He'd valk him do de Bier saloon
For Schweitzer kase und bread.
Und vonce in a vile he'd drink some beir
Und somedimes he'd dake Chin,
Und von nide kinder doughd he'd dry
A leedle Vishkey shkin.

Und ven he trinked der Vishkey shkin
He did'nd know someding more,
So he curled himself in a leedle heab
Und laid down on der floor.
Und ven he vas kvide fashed ashleep
Hese nose commenced to shnore
Und dot vake a big boleceeman,
Dot vas hidin avay naxd door.

Von der boleceman rushed in der place
Und seen ehnst who id vas
He shdarded off mit all hese might
Do dell dot Bimby's Boss.
Und Diedrich he vonse runnin round
Ride in der Schweitzer place
Und found dot Bimby was skredched oud
Und he looked ride in hese face.

Und he says "Now det's a peody ding—
Who gifed him all dot Bier?
I nefer could git (ull like dot
Of I drinked for half a year."
Und der man vot keeped der place he says:
"He gifed id do himself—
He vas trinkin mit dwo oder mens
Efer since boud half hast dwelf."

Und Diedrich shmelled a big size mouse,
Und hese face dot vas all frown
"I dowght der pisness vas gittin shlack,
Der boogger knocks me down!
I dink I'll sold dot Crocery shtore
Und dravel do der Sound;"
Und Bimby opened his eyes und said:
"Boss, I'll buy you oud!"

So der nexd day ven der Sun got up
Bimby he got up doo,
Und he buyed dot Diedrich Kreitzmeyer oud
Und der sign vas bainted new;
Und of you habben do go dot vay
Of you blease shtop in—
Und now he says, "Vat vill you dook?"
Say, "A leedle Vishkey shkin."

Und den you'll see dot Dutchman shmile
From hese nose up do hese chin—
Und he'll say, "Vat makes you call for dot?
Vy don't you dook some gin?"
Und den chust vaid a leedle vile—
Of he don't shud hese moud,
Chust kinder say in a easy vay,
"Boss, I'll buy you oud."

HOW A WIDOW CAN BORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "THE JUVENILE."

My friend Alexander McBean is a well to do gentleman of Scottish origin, of a speculative turn of mind, devoting his leisure hours in participating in the numerous combats in which it is the habit of the bulls and bears to indulge within the financial arena of Wall street—in fact, Sandy is what is popularly known as a curbstone broker, keeping his cheek book in his hat and his bank balance in his waistcoat pocket. Mr. McBean, like most of his countrymen, is shrewd, canning, and, with a lynx eye for business, as sharp as a knife blade in contemplation of monetary advantages, and as quick as a steel trap in closing down upon a profitable basis. It is needless to say that Mr. McBean, a bachelor and forty-five years of age, being frugal, may, even parsimonious in his method of life, managed, by dint of watchfulness and sagacity, to accumulate a very handsome competency; indeed, he was known to be rich, and his acquaintances on the street marveled why he did not commit matrimony and live in the style his resources warranted.

Of the many animated enigmas haunting the portals of the Broad street imitation of Babel's Tower, and they are as numerous as the seeds of a water melon, Sandy was accepted as the most enigmatical, being a veritable human puzzle, whose habits, whims and customs were a source of annoyance to the inquisitive sojourners, hanging about the edges of the board. Not that McBean ever indulged in romancing, exaggerating or falsifying, quite the reverse; he was an individual, plain and matter of fact, whose conversation was limited to stock quotations, offers and takes, whose veracity was unimpeachable, considering he always discoursed upon topics everybody knew everything about, as the entire body of brokers, unable to fathom cause for his reticence, came to the sage conclusion that the canny Scotchman was a woman hating McBean had been crossed in love, otherwise no man of his financial standing would persist in dwelling in obscurity, in dining at lunch counters and of appearing in discarded habiliments between boards.

But Sandy McBean was not a woman-hater, save in outward appearance; quite the contrary, he was an ardent admirer of the sex, and as for being crossed in love, he had encountered so many mishaps in the matrimonial line that his heart had become as hardened as a bit of sole leather. Upon commencing life as a confidential bookkeeper upon the munificent salary of fifteen dollars a week, my friend, McBean, concluding to imitate the example of the rest of mankind, proposed to share his heart and weekly stipend with a conjugal helpmate, the daughter of his landlady, a buxom boyden, who countenanced his addresses to the extent of receiving gifts and presents, until, finally, she eloped beneath his very nose and married a tailor living on the opposite side of the street. McBean was discomforted, particularly when he came to calculate the cost of his unfortunate wooing, but he took a characteristic revenge, worthy of an indigent pillar of the stock exchange, he ordered a suit of clothes of the happy groom, and faithfully promised never to pay for them, and as he was a man of his word he kept it in this instance with commendable fidelity.

Nothing daunted by his first failure, Sandy entered upon a second matrimonial venture, selecting a somewhat mature maiden, a dress-maker, who had been some time in the marriage market, whom he gallanted to singing schools and prayer meetings, as an equally efficacious and less expensive method of courting than in theatre attendance and other worldly vanities. Mac's suit appeared unsingly until, deigning to send a tastefully composed valentine to his lady love, and a sarcastic one to his ancient flame, he misdirected the epistles while engaged in abstract meditation upon the fluctuations in Erie, so that upon visiting his intended, he encountered a fiery reception from the second story window, which terminated in his being sent away not only with a flea in his ear, but with the contents of a boiling tea-kettle skilfully discharged upon his head and shoulders.

Nevertheless, my friend McBean, believing in the Hibernian adage as to the existence of luck in odd numbers, ventured upon a third essay, having previously consulted, at the recommendation of his washerwoman, a colored oracle, the sybil of the district, who assured him that he was born under the planets Mars and Venus, which boded that he would become a great soldier and marry a handsome lady. Then, prognosticating from a pack of cards, the seeress informed him that he would have either a new suit of clothes or a law suit; that he would die a natural death or be drowned, from these points the cards refused to predict, but one thing was certain—that a heart woman, with money at her back, held his wish in her lap, and that this light female would marry him certain; but if she didn't, it would be on account of a Jack of Clubs, coming across water, with a ring at the bell and a bundle in his hand. Emboldened by this flattering prophecy, McBean laid siege to the heart of a fair widow, a blonde with curling hair and bright blue ey

LITTLE BIRDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Ye little birds,
On soaring pinions surely ye fly
In pathless circles, 'neath the azure sky;
Ushering the morn with cheery note,
In that unfathomable expanse ye float
All through the livelong day, as please ye best,
Till night shall come, and to your wings bring rest.
A peaceful life is thine, no thought of care,
Freed from the earth, your home is in the air!"
These were the poet's words.

And these were mine:—
"Ye little birds, your pinions clipped and tied,
Or, with a skewer fastened to your side,
No more ye'll greet the morn with cheery note,
But, with potatoes, in the gravy float.
Ye little birds, the way ye please me best
Is served with sprinkling, jelly and the rest;
Your peaceful life is o'er; I mot all care.
To the four winds, and first I'll breathe a prayer,
Then on thee I will dine!" F. G. LEAR.

THE RIVAL RITOORALS.

BY H. J. BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

Three or four years ago I found myself in a large seaport town in the north of England, with nothing whatever to do for the evening. Nothing can be more wretched than spending the hours between dinner and bedtime in the coffee room of a provincial hotel. It is the most depressing thing in the world. The ticking of the blatant black clock on the chimney piece, the loud snoring of the stertorous gentleman who has dined heavily, and whose spare juice is making feeble efforts against the pendulous load of food resting on the chest of the slumbering great, the melancholy creaking of the dry old waiter's dry old slippers, as he pattars about the passages, the dim flickering of the gas, or, if you are at a remote corner box or table, the guttering of the candle the waiter has placed for you, in order that you may have an uninterrupted view of that dismal little D'Oyley (that's the name, I think), red and yeNow, which is pushed under your nose, and is supposed to suggest port wine and nuts—who takes either now-a-days, at least by oneself?—all these things I avow are apt to make a man think of his past crimes, or if he has committed none, his follies, and tend to bring on a miserable condition of mind and a general depression of the system, calculated to increase the funds of the county coroner. In such a frame of mind was I sitting, when Ned Irish (the best fellow in the world; bar very few) came in, all colour and spirit, whiskey, and amiability, and, taking pity on my loneliness, suggested a stroll. Out we went, and by sheer accident bent our steps towards a wretched part of the town, abounding in fifteenth-rate shops and first-class gin palaces. We had "done" the more respectable quarters and found them dull. Possibly in the (pardon the word, there is no other) "slums" we might meet with amusement. We did. In the middle of the street in question, there stands an establishment devoted to music, dancing, the drama, and refreshment. All these attractive qualities are combined in the—well, we will call it the Erectheum. That isn't its name, but, as the gentlemen in the ringlet wigs and the bucket boots would say, "no matter." What was going on at the Erectheum? A concert. An entertainment with dogs and monkeys. A melodrama. There were several other things going on, too. But the concert was the attraction of the evening, for it was a comic concert—it was not only this, but it was a comic "contest"—that is, a dozen "local celebrities" were to compete for a prize offered by a comic vocalist of distinction, who took his benefit on the night in question, and had hit upon the present attraction as something likely to stimulate vocal-comical emulation, and crowd the front with friends of the competing singers, to say nothing of the general public.

"Oh," said Ned, "this will be worth seeing and hearing, let's go in."

We went in. A large building, something like a chapel which had taken to larger ways, crowded from floor to ceiling, met our view. At least it did in time. At first, nothing met our view but tobacco smoke. Presently, having become somewhat used to the atmosphere, we saw the stage, on which had recently been presented the "dog" piece, and which was then being laid out with forms and a piano, preparatory to the performance of what I have, I think, not quite inappropriately termed the "Rival Ritoorals." When the curtain rose, the vast audience was hushed into immediate silence, and the little man whose benefit it was, and who was about to award a silver medal and a purse to the successful competiter, addressed the audience thus:—

"Ladies and gentlemen; I wish to know how you would like the choices to be decided. Shall it be by a majority, or by the verdict of a jury of twelve, or will you leave it (this with a sweet smile and a bow)—will you leave it to me?" Great cheers, and "leave it to you" from the British public. However, there was a kind of committee sitting on the stage, and I am bound to state that anything more thoroughly miserable and less suggestive of a judicious criticism on comicality I never saw. Pale and trembling, bowed, and by no means preternaturally clean, that awe struck committee sat there with two thousand pairs of eyes upon it, fervently hoping that something might happen to cut short the coming ordeal through which it was to pass. The professional gentleman was not troubled with a superabundance of diffidence. He was attired in that nondescript dress which some public characters affect—with a good deal of watered silk, and a watch chain that repressed familiarity. Again he addressed his patrons:—

"Under any circumstances," he observed with a good-natured smile, "I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, you will receive these twelve gentlemen favorably, and of course refrain from any expression of dissatisfaction."

Cheers from all parts. His amateur talent, indeed! Not they. The signal, however, will show—but I anticipate.

CHAPTER II.

After a slight pause, the first competitor came on the stage. He was (I think) not an amateur. He sang very well, and I have no doubt was a genuine professional, sent on, as it were, to start the business. He received enormous applause, and retired bowing. Then came a lad, who sang pretty well, and danced slightly. He, too, was encored lustily, and it was a difficult matter to decide which should receive the palm. It was very delightful to watch the jury consulting. One or two had note books, and as any particular leer, shout, or eccentric piece of action hit the taste of the foreman, he would gravely point it out to his companions, and then three or four heads would meet, there would be a muttered conference, and sometimes a *sotto voce* argument and discussion. The third singer was a falling off, and the audience were becoming a trifle bored. There was to be one more. Supposing one to be encored, thus would make eighteen comic songs! Human endurance is occasionally remarkable, and a great many comic songs have been received with complacency when divided by acrobatic performances, selections from operas, and sentimental ballads, but eighteen all at once!—even for an Erectheum audience this was too much of a good thing.

"Now," said I to my friend, knowing by long experience what tricks will turn the temper of an audience, and how critical caution blossoms in an evening's performance sometimes are, "now, if the new Ritooral is not up to the mark, down will come the bird of. Michaelmas."

I was right. The next Ritooral was not up to the mark. He was a very tall, yellow faced, despondent man, in a long brown great coat, who should have been anywhere but on a music hall stage attempting a humorous ballad. But he saw matters in a different light. He had evidently when young heard some one sing "My grandfather was a most wonderful man," or, as he pronounced it, "wonderful man"—he was Lancashire, that didn't protect him—and forgetting that he was devoid of voice, ear, or humor, and that the song in question was only suited to a voluble "Charles Mattheway" singer, this melancholy old man piped up his comic ballad, and was received in the middle of the fourth line with derisive, defiant, and indignant howls. Not that he was in the least put out. Vulgar clamor had no effect upon him. The popular voice did not drown the unpopular voice, and he carved on long after the pianist had given in to the general opinion, and sat smothering his laughter behind the jury. In vain did the *benefaciaire* appeal to the "fair play of a British audience—the British audience wouldn't have the "wonderful man," who was still standing yellow and immovable, his jaws working like a German nutcracker, to the intense delight of the bowling audience. Finding it was impossible to obtain a hearing for the fourth Ritooral, the concert-giver tried to attract his attention and lead him off the stage. But Ritooral didn't see it. He was in possession of the stage, and until his grandfather's abilities had been described *in extenso*, move an inch he would not. He was very tall and straight, and his eye was fixed on the top row of the gallery. The gentleman who was to award the prize was very short, and as to catching the singer's eye that was impossible. What was he to do? He couldn't strike the man who had come forward to sing for his benefit. Again and again he nudged him, but Ritooral was in the world of song, and beyond nudges. The perspiration poured down the face of the alarmed concert giver. There were eight other Ritoorals yet to appear. What was to be done? Suddenly a brilliant idea struck the prize-awarder. He would shove the dreadful old man off. By a dexterous flank movement, he got him near to the first entrance left, and then, by a few persuasive but vigorous pushes, he got him off. But the old man retired singing like the swan, he kept his eye on the original spot till the last, and was heard even after he had disappeared, amidst the execrations of the house, still warbling forth his grandfather's capabilities from the wing. The audience had now, as it were, "tasted blood." The intelligent and refined, the British public wouldn't hear any more. It had promised shortly before not to indulge in any signs of disapprobation. Ha! ha! I laugh as I look back upon that scene. Yells, hootings, abusive epithets, and innuendoes regarding the domestic happiness of the several candidates came down in showers. It so happened that most of the amateurs were very bad indeed. One—celebrated evidently—and thought the honor, and indeed in a little pantomimic action before quitting the stage, which was highly expressive, but decidedly unseemly. The jury were indignant at this, and took notes copiously. The twelfth, and last, singer had yet to come. He was received in solemn silence, but the first bar brought down the house somewhat abating indignation of the house. He was by far the worst of all—at least, all who had been listened to. But he would sing. For the first time the *benefaciaire* insisted on attention. The song was over, the last (and worth) singer was unanimously declared the prize. I am bound to add that the intelligent Public applauded the selection. O fickle Public! It had forgotten the first singer, who was very good—the other two, so much better than this last one. Such it is but too often.

"I care not who makes the laws, but let me write a nation's songs," said a rather smart fellow in his time.

Songs may convulse them all through act one, and welcome," says the jealous comedian, Smith, of the same establishment. "Give me a good 'go-in' in the last act, and I'm quite content."

But stroll it isn't at the Royal Erectheum only that the wrong Ritooral too often gets the money and the medal.

FAMOUS CRACKERS.—George Eade was very deaf, but still he had hearing enough left to be cognizant of a great many objectionable jests from Mr. Richardson, of the Greenboard at Shrewsbury, taking it out of his hearer. One day Mr. Richardson came out and was peculiarly bland, but George concluded that he was on the old subject, and had his back up in an instant. "Hang you! I'm not before my time; I'll bet you £5 on it; look at my watch!" Jack Pooley was a great character, and drove in earlier days over Stevenage. When he retired he joined the yeomanry cavalry, and entered his house for a Quarter Plate. Two of the principal conditions were that it should not exceed above £250, and be half-bred. Some objections having been raised to Jack's nomination, it became necessary to examine Jack before a committee of the regiment. To the first question, whether his horse had ever won £50, he replied:—"No indeed; but he's helped to lose many a fifty; he ran three years in an opposition coach." The next question was, "What is he by, Mr. Pooley?" "By," said Jack, "I should say he was by a short barn ball, he's such a devil of a roarer." Jack's answers were considered eminently satisfactory.

Jack Overy was a good coachman, and drove a pair-horse mail from Leicester to Shirley Stephen. He had a guard, one Joe Lack, who had been with Van Amburgh, and the party got into a night between Kirkby Stephen and Kirkby Lonsdale. Jack was so sleepy that he crept inside. Lord drove for him, and being sleepy as well, turned right off the road down the lane in the moor. Things got from bad to worse, so Jack had to be aroused, and Joe was pushed up the side of a steep peat, on Jack's shoulders, to "try and read the address." There was not light enough to discover much, and when they received a village constable to the song which Jim Byrne wrote to their confusion), they declared it was read at a church door by mistake for a public house.—*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

EUROPEAN CRACKERS.—Russian subjects, Emperors and Sovereigns from Mr. Richardson, of the Greenboard at Shrewsbury, taking it out of his hearer. One day Mr. Richardson came out and was peculiarly bland, but George concluded that he was on the old subject, and had his back up in an instant. "Hang you! I'm not before my time; I'll bet you £5 on it; look at my watch!" Jack Pooley was a great character, and drove in earlier days over Stevenage. When he retired he joined the yeomanry cavalry, and entered his house for a Quarter Plate. Two of the principal conditions were that it should not exceed above £250, and be half-bred. Some objections having been raised to Jack's nomination, it became necessary to examine Jack before a committee of the regiment. To the first question, whether his horse had ever won £50, he replied:—"No indeed; but he's helped to lose many a fifty; he ran three years in an opposition coach." The next question was, "What is he by, Mr. Pooley?" "By," said Jack, "I should say he was by a short barn ball, he's such a devil of a roarer." Jack's answers were considered eminently satisfactory.

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OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT is like a horse's shoe? A mare's.

If a woman were to change her sex, what religion would she be of? She would be a He(a)then.

WHY is American like the act of reflection? Because it is a cosmy-nation.

WHAT sort of a drum is it that is best when it cannot be beaten? A conundrum.

WHY were Sweden and Norway gambled for? Because history affirms they were won (one) once.

WHAT is the difference between a lady and a postage stamp? One is a female and the other is a mail fee.

WHAT is that which was born without a soul, lived and had a soul, yet died without a soul? The whale that swallowed Jonah.

WHAT is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine driver? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

WHAT is the longest and the shortest thing in the world? the swiftest and slowest? the most indivisible and the most extended? the least valued and the most regretted? without which nothing can be done? which devours all that is small, yet gives life and spirit to all that is great? Time.

BREVITIES.

LOW TRASH—Other people.

BAR GOLD—Fees to counsel.

BOYS are men in a roundabout way.

THE OLDEST CUP ON RECORD—Hic-cup.

AN UGLY BARGAIN—A cheap bull dog.

A CRAFTY OCCUPATION—Ship building.

AN AGE YOUNG LADIES DESIRE—Matri-age.

A SINGULAR SIGHT—To see a garden walk.

A DEBT THAT CANNOT BE SUED—The debt of nature.

HOW TO KILL TIME—Shoot every day.

JUST PRAISE is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

THERE is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience.

OPPORTUNITIES, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh.

WRENS are harder to remove than sorrows; for time, instead of weakening, strengthens them.

READ not books alone, but men; and chiefly be careful to read thyself.

PRUDENCE is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place.

CUT the acquaintance of any lady who signs a letter with "yours obediently."

A PASSION for sweetmeats and a weak intellect generally go together.

A LAZY FELLOW, lying down on the grass, said—"Oh, how I do wish this was called work, and was well paid!"

"GOOD blood will show itself," as the old lady said when she was struck with the redness of her nose.

OH, you old buffer!" as the old woman exclaimed when an engine knocked her down.

MISS TUCKER says it is with bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

THE old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the Maelstrom, has gone out West to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

OLD SAWS RESET—Truth is a stranger, except in fiction. Charity begins with a cold bath in the alms house. Set a thief to catch—financiers.

THE MEN who flatter the women do not know them sufficiently; and the men who only abuse them do not know them at all.

SERVE THEM RIGHT.—There was a festival in Greece, during the celebration of which the women were empowered to seize the old bachelors, to drag them round the altar, and to beat them.

GEORGE SELWIN, a celebrated wit, once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwin soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when after her signature stood, "P. S. Who was right now, you or I?"

SINK not beneath imaginary sorrows.
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom.
Think on the sudden change of human scenes.
Think on the various accidents of war.
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue.
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

MERRY MOMENTS.

SHINNING.—A belligerent wight threatened to kick a dry character who had offended him. "If you undertake it," answered the challenged, "you will find yourself a man more shinned against than shinning."

WHAT IS YOUR AGE?—An old gentleman who has dabbled a little in statistics says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?

SECOND HAND.—A tentrow, under cross examination as a witness, turned up her nose at the insinuation that her daughter was married to wed a widower. "Very likely, indeed," said she, with a toss of her head, "that my daughter should marry a second-hand man!"

AN ATTORNEY'S LAST HOPE.—A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold and said, "Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil?" *Jerrold:* "That's all right; then he is sure to get it back again."

A SUFFICIENCY.—"What is the annual corn crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian; "but I know it's enough to make all the whiskey we want, besides what is wasted for bread."

A REPRESENTATIVE.—Bassompierre, French ambassador to Spain, was telling Henri Quatre how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world." "Ah," said Henri, "what a very amusing sight, to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!" "I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

SCARING A LADY.—A young gentleman, or an elderly one, after having paid his addresses to a lady for some time, "popped the question." The lady, in a frightened manner, said:—"You scare me, sir." The gentleman did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again!"

CHECKMATE.—John and Julia's chess problem, by Amateur, John to move and mate in two moves:—

"John moves his arm round Julia's neck;
She moves one square, and whispers—'check;'
He, nothing daunted, moves right straight
His lips to hers, and calls out—'Mate!'"

GOOD AND EVIL.—In a short recently, a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good," by giving a New Testament to a boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for, a few minutes afterwards, one boy struck another, and, on being asked the reason, said he was "trying to get it through," with all the predecessor, the time being 3:06½. H. J. Doane, the most graceful rider who had yet appeared, then tried his skill, but made four bad falls, closing his half mile in 3:12½. A. W. Robinson, also a fine rider, was unfortunate enough to fall four times, which set his time ahead to 3:14¾, the longest time required in the race. H. K. Mandell then mounted his steed and rattled round the course in 2:46½, without a fall. Great applause followed this feat, which was the best of the evening. W. F. Bonsell slipped once, his time being 3:04, and H. K. Bushnell did likewise, though he accomplished the distance in 2:56½, ten seconds only behind the winner. J. J. Fontarive did his half mile in 3:01¾, and C. C. Colesworthy, who took the place of N. Richardson, in 3:09. At the conclusion of the contest the prize was awarded to young Mandell, who was complimented by his friends for his skill as a velocipedist and his success in the trial.

FOUR MILES RACE.—On Monday, Feb. 15, a four mile handicap race for prizes of £10 to the first, £3 to the second and £1 to the third, took place at the Prince of Wales Grounds, Bow, London, Eng. The course having been cleared, the competitors made their appearance, and having been placed at their allotted distances Weardon fired the pistol to a tolerable start, the result being as under:—W. Mills, of Bethnal Green, 260 yards start, 1; E. Mills, of Bethnal Green, 2; W. C. Barber, (Scots Fusilier Guards) 450, 3; G. Hazel (the Four Mile Champion), 80, 0; R. Rogers, of Chelsea, 210, 0; E. Golder, of Canterbury, 240, 0; A. Markham, of Marylebone, 380, 0; and W. Simpson, of Brentford, 500, 0. The last named kept in front until the commencement of the fourth lap, when the "bold sojer boy" dashed past him, and carried on the running, closely followed by Markham. In the meantime, Golder had overtaken W. Mills, but the latter soon left him, and the Canterburian, finding the pace too fast, cut it in the sixth lap, at which point W. Mills gave Simpson the go by. In the next lap Markham drew level with the "gallant Scot," and an interesting race ensued between them, each alternately leading until the ninth lap, where Rogers resigned, followed in the next lap by Hazel, who was manifestly out of condition. Billy Mills had been gradually creeping up to Markham, with whom he raced until the end of the eleventh lap, when the Marylebone man joined the beaten division. The race now lay between the brothers Mills and the Warrior, who held on in a very plucky style, although the almost invincible Teddy was close at his heels. At the commencement of the thirteenth lap Teddy shook off Barber, and raced after Billy, who was holding a clear lead of 60 yards. Finding that he had his opponents safe, the favorite took a quiet sort of rest, now and again turning to glance at his followers. Teddy, however, showed very little sympathy with his fraternal relative, and in the last lap but one seemed as though he had a good chance. but Master Billy in the last lap increased the pace, and eventually won easily by 25 yards, Teddy walking in second, Barber third. Time, 20min. 30sec. H. Woodstock was referee.

VELOCIPEDMANIA.—There is no use denying the fact that the propulsion of a velocipede is a fascinating amusement. Young men naturally seek in it a new sensation. But the gravest and most reverend senior's infatuation is more notable. He reads of the establishment of a velocipede rink—so called because there is no ice about the place—and in the privacy of the family circle he does not hesitate to slander the bicycle, and to objurgate the velocipede. He goes, simply to assert his superiority, and sceptically to pity the weak fools who put their trust in velocipedes—chariots and horses being exploded. He sees the assistants racing round the ring, the Fancy Few going it on one leg, the Go it-Gracefuls bowling away smoothly, the Wary Wobblers zigzagging his tiper (teetotalers and the Timid Toddlers creeping along, assisted by sympathizing friends. A dislike to impulse seizes him. He shouts, "bring forth the fiery untamed bicycle," he mounts—let us draw a veil over the scene. The enthusiast is removed to the lap of his family, a wreck of humanity, having burst his collar, mortally wounded his coat, and damaged his beaver beyond recovery; but he has ordered a velocipede.—*Punch.*

RACE FOR A SILVER GOBLET.—A large number of those interested in velocipedestrianism gathered at Williams' Hall, Boston, Mass., on the evening of Tuesday, 2d inst., the attraction presented being a contest for a silver goblet, valued at $25, the gift of the proprietors, Messrs. Rhodd & Blanchard. The distance was half a mile, which had been carefully measured and chalked off, and the several riders were required to make the circuit of the hall thirteen times to accomplish the distance. The entrance fee was one dollar, and eleven gentlemen entered, all but two of whom took part in the contest, one of these (N. Richardson) furnishing a substitute. The judges were George Howe, C. A. Page and A. A. Mandell. Everything being in readiness the floor was cleared of machines, and the several contestants for the prizes were called in the order of entry, the rider having the floor to himself while making his half mile. The first man appearing was J. J. Toby, who, though somewhat nervous, occasioned by the novelty of his position and the applause he received, made his thirteen times round in 3:13, with but one fall. Benjamin Heath, Jr., next mounted his machine and accomplished his task in 3:03¼, falling twice during the trip. W. P. Dean was the next rider, and although he kept on his machine through the full distance, did not do as well as his predecessor, the time being 3:06½. H. J. Doane, the most graceful rider who had yet appeared, then tried his skill, but made four bad falls, closing his half mile in 3:12½. A. W. Robinson, also a fine rider, was unfortunate enough to fall four times, which set his time ahead to 3:14¾, the longest time required in the race. H. K. Mandell then mounted his steed and rattled round the course in 2:46½, without a fall. Great applause followed this feat, which was the best of the evening. W. F. Bonsell slipped once, his time being 3:04, and H. K. Bushnell did likewise, though he accomplished the distance in 2:56½, ten seconds only behind the winner. J. J. Fontarive did his half mile in 3:01¾, and C. C. Colesworthy, who took the place of N. Richardson, in 3:09. At the conclusion of the contest the prize was awarded to young Mandell, who was complimented by his friends for his skill as a velocipedist and his success in the trial.

Club Hurdle Race.—Distance, a quarter of a mile, for a gold medal presented by A. W. Ogilvie; five entries. Tom Brown led in front all the way, and came in first in 1:35, some 25 yards ahead of Stanley Mitchell, whose time was 1:40, another third in 1:48; but Brown, having placed his hand on the last hurdle, was disqualified, and the race awarded to Mitchell.

The Hamilton Cup.—This was regarded as the principal event of the meeting. The distance was two miles, the elegant cup presented by Hon. John Hamilton constituting the main prize, and a gold medal the second. There were four entries, viz., Bulwer, Maltby, Fred Massey and John Robinson. Harper was also upon the list of entries, but did not face the music, as he was still still from a severe cold caught at the Tecumseh meeting a few days previous, a fact generally regretted. The lead was taken by Massey for the first three-quarters of a mile, when Robinson brushed and passed him at the stand. On nearing the stand on the fourth round Robinson was passed in turn by Maltby, who, without any apparent effort, won the race by fifty yards. Time—Quarter miles, 1:20; 1:50; 1:53; 1:48; 1:53; 1:55; 1:54 and 1:56. Total, 14:32. Robinson second in 14:42.

Quarter Race.—Prize a gold medal. Six started, Armstrong, Kerr, Bulwer and three others. At about two-thirds of the distance Armstrong made his effort, and passed Kerr, who, in turn, passed Bulwer, as he fell, and Armstrong went in an easy winner in 1:24; Durkin second in 1:30.

The Green Race.—Distance, half a mile, for a medal. This collected fourteen verdant snow-shoers together, and as this generally is a collection of those who have lost in previous races it is always regarded with interest by a benevolent public. It turned out to be wholly between Kerston and McPherson. The latter, making a very gallant effort to haul the race off, was doomed to disappointment, as Kerston, who had been running within himself, came in a good first in 3:34. The time of quarters, 1:31 and 1:52. McPherson's time was 3:36.

Garrison Green Dash.—Distance, 150 yards, in heats, for green runners; first prize, $5; second prize, $3. Anderson won in two straight heats, Dowdall being second.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

"HUDSON," of Buffalo.—We are waiting to hear from you. These positions have been misdid.

"R," Evansville, Ind.—Your note pleases us, and the "joke" is a good one. In fact, we propose to "air it" in the CLIPPER as soon as space will permit. Thanks for games, which are under examination.

"EDWARD," North Hampton, Mass.—Positions on file for examination. Enigmas and chess problems are identical.

LOUIS DUSOM, Covington, Ky.—We think not, as we never heard his name in connection with the game.

N. E. R.—Yes. A most "jump with his king," if B requires it; else the game would be a farce.

TOM ARTHURS, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Thanks. They will be examined.

Game No. 48.—Vol. XVI.

Between Messrs. Dufort and Cline.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Mr. D.		White. Mr. C.		Black. Mr. D.		White. Mr. C.
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	11..18	to 22	27	to 23
2..15	22	25	18	12.. 6	9(b)	23	18
3..12	16	29	25	13.. 3	7	32	27
4..16	3(a)	25	22	14.. 1	5(c)	28	24 (d)
5.. 8	12	18	15	15..13	16	19	3
6..10	19	24	15	16..10	14	3	1
7.. 4	8	21	17	17..24	32	13	6
8.. 7	10	23	19	18..31	21	26	17
9.. 9	14	17	13	19..21	14, and wins.		
10..14	18	22	17				

(a) A wide departure from the usual style of the Single Corner. (b) Rather wild. (c) Promising. (d) 18 to 14 would have drawn.

Solution of Position No. 92.—Vol. XVI.

BY EDWARD.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..22 to 17	14 to 21	3..8 to 13	17 to 18
2..3 8	15 22	4..30	2, and wins.

Solution of Position No. 93.—Vol. XVI.

BY THE EDITOR.

Black.	White.	White.	Black.
1..29 to 25	15 to 24	3..16 to 20, and wins.	
2..23 26	30 23		

☞ Solution of Positions Nos. 90 and 91 withheld another week, by request.

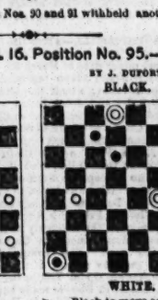
Position No. 94.—Vol. 16. Position No. 95.—Vol. 16.

BY J. RYAN. BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and win.

BY J. DUPORT. BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

C. W. WHITMAN, St. Louis.—Your welcome favor, with amended record of game, is received with thanks. The records of the B. C. A. is a fine and exceedingly well printed vol., to be obtained, we presume, through any book importer. "*The Knight's Tour*," by Prof. Haileman, the most perfect thing of its kind in Chess, is published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philada., at $2.

A KIND FRIEND is hereby thanked for a MS. copy of the closing *partie* of the late match, Springfield vs. Boston. It shall soon appear.

CHAS. PORTER.—Your very ingenious 16-move is welcome, and will appear in turn; meanwhile, as the stratagem will be much improved thereby, please designate all the strictly needless force, that we may omit it. By all means send the game mentioned.

CONTRABAND.—Your new attempt at Brown's challenge suimate is very ingenious, but—the bottom drops out. Suppose Black, at the very last move, gets perverse and claims a Bishop on a K's, eh? We really cannot make out what you wish to ask *in re* the opening you cite. Put it in the usual tabular form, till you reach the point of the proposed K to his B sq. The problems shall be examined.

THEO. M. BROWN.—We have sent you a package, which we commend to your kind consideration at your convenience. That last pair has given the problem gourmands their quietus.

J. W. GLOVER.—Your first problem we find to be a version of the position in Agnel, p. 283. Of course it is inadmissible. The other is under advisement. We shall soon get to your game.

E. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.—We were very glad to receive your letter. We have never received the Chess clock mentioned, and should be very much pleased to have them.

THE GOOD WORKER will open an ample and very kind review of "*American Chess Nuts*."

MR. BLACKBURNE is now set down as likely to win the third prize in the Handicap Tourney—*i. e.*, come out at the head of the section of losers in the 1st Round.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XIV.

BY GEO. E. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM NO. XXVII.

WHITE.—King at Q Kt sq; Rook at Q 4; Bishops at K Kt 4, and K R 8; Knights at Q Kt 4, and Q B sq, and Pawns at Q R 3d.

BLACK.—King at Q B 6; Rook at K sq; Bishop at K B 2, and Pawns at Q Kt 6th.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

Imperfect.—If Black play 1..R×B, B to K R 4, R to Q sq, or P moves, White has from two to four moves in reply, in each case. Compare, also, No. 40.

PROBLEM NO. XXVIII.

This position challenges comparison with Nos. 58, 65 and others.

PROBLEM NO. XXIX.

WHITE.—King at Q sq; Queen at K R 3; Rook at K B 4; Bishop at Q B 7; Knight at Q 3, and Pawn at Q B 2d.

BLACK.—King at Q B 6; Queen at K sq; Bishop at Q Kt 5, and Pawn at K R 6th.

White mates in two moves.

A fine 2-move position. Many problems have been constructed upon this idea. Loyd's best known 2-move bears a close resemblance, both in position and design. The key-move and the final positions of each are the same. Neither is absolutely perfect in construction. In Loyd's there are five moves for Black that permit a choice of moves for White, and in Healey's six; though the blurs are of such a nature as to be completely hidden by the brilliancy of the conception. It is not always possible or necessary to prevent blemishes like these in this prob., or that in No. 34. Indeed, there are cases which the most exacting criticism overlooks. But it must, at the same time, be borne in mind that a 2-move composition requires greater accuracy of finish than one in three or more moves.

PROBLEM NO. XXX.

WHITE.—King at his Kt 3; Queen at her B 5; Rook at K R 8; Bishop at Q R 2; Knight at Q Kt 6th.

BLACK.—King at Q sq; Bishop at K B 4; Kt at K sq; Pawns at Q B 2, and K Kt 5th.

White mates in two moves.

This problem has two solutions, as was pointed out in "Loewenthal's Magazine." The author has obviated the 2d one by adding a Black Pawn at Q B 2d. With this No. 110 may be compared for similarity to No. 110 reads thus:—

WHITE.—King at Q R 6; Queen at her B 3; Bishop at Q 8; Knights at Q R 4, and Q B 7; Pawns at Q Kt 5, and 3, and K B 6th.

BLACK.—King at Q 2; Bishop at K B 6; Knight at Q Kt 2; Pawns at Q R 2, K B 2, and K Kt 5th.

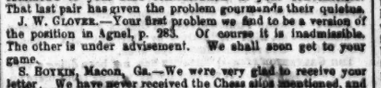
White gives mate in three moves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

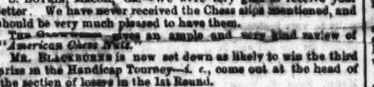
Enigma No. 666.

From the Glowworm.

BY HERR J. KLETT.



at K Kt 5, K Kt 3, Q 2, Q R 5, K Kt 6, K B 2, K B 5th.



at K Kt 2, Q Kt 3, and 7, Q Kt sq, Q B 3, Q 3, and 5, K B 4th.

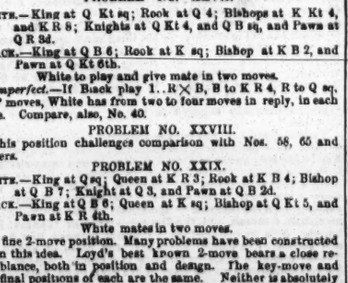
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 666.

(A first composition.)

BY ARSANOW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 666.

An interesting battle in the still pending match between Prof. Anderssen and Herr J. H. Zukertort.—*Era.*

SALVIO GAMBIT.

Attack. Anderssen.	Defence. Zukertort.	Attack. Anderssen.	Defence. Zukertort.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	23..Q B to sq 5	Q Kt to B 3
2..P to K B 4	P×P	24..Q×P	Q×P
3..K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	25..R Kt sq	Kt† ×Q
4..K B to B 4	P to K Kt 5	26..K P×Kt	Q×K B (f)
5..K Kt to K 5	Q to R 5 +	27..K P×Q	Q R sq
6..K to B sq	K Kt to R 3	28..K Kt to B 3	Q R to K sq
7..P to B 3	P to B 6	29..K R to B 7	K B to B 3
8..Q B to R 2	P×P	30..K R to K 7	K R to K 2
9..Q R to K sq	P to K 6 (c)	31..Q to K B 3	Q R to K 3
10..Q Kt to Q 2	P×P	32..K R to K 6	Q R to K 2
11..Q to K Kt 2	P to K 7	33..K R to K B 6	Q R to K 3
12..P to K 4	P to K 8 (Q)	34..K R to K 7	Q R to K 2
13..P to K 5	Q to K 7	35..K R to K B 6	Q R to K 3
14..P to K 6	Q to K 8 +	36..K to R 2	Q R to K 2
15..K to R 3	Q to K 7	37..K to R 3	Q R to K 3
16..K to R 4	Q to K 8 +	38..K to R 2	Q R to K 2
17..K to R 3	P to K B 4	39..K to R 3	Q R to K 3
18..K to R 2	P to K B 5	40..K to R 2	Q R to K 2
19..K to R 3	P to K B 6	41..K to R 3	Q R to K 3
20..K to R 2	P to K B 7	42..K to R 2	Q R to K 2
21..K to R 3	P to K B 8 (Q)	43..K to R 3	Q R to K 3
22..Q to K B 4	Q to K 4	44..K to R 2	Q R to K 2

(a) Herr Z. has published some elaborate variations to show that he would have had the better game had he, instead of this, now taken the other Kt. We have room only for this one:—

20)..	Q×Q Kt +	21..Q to B 3 +	Q to Kt 4
21..K R to K 2	Q×Q B P	22..Kt P×Kt	Kt P×P
22..Q R-K B sq	R×K Kt	23..Q-her 3	P-Q 3
23..K R-Q B 2	Q×Q P	24..R×P +	K-Q 2
24..B-Q 5 *dis* +	Q Kt-B 3	25..R×P +	K-Q sq, etc.

(*b*) Compulsory, because if K to Kt sq, then follows Q B to Q 6th, etc.

(*c*) If B..	Q R×P,	25..Q R×P +	K to R 2
20..K R-K 6 +	K-Kt 3	26..K×P +	K Kt-K 2
21..Q R-Kt sq +	K-R 3 best	27..K×B *dis* +	K-Q Kt sq
22..K R-Kt 5	R-his 3 best	28..R×B P	K N-K sq
23..K R-Kt 6 +	R P×R	29..Q B×Kt +	K-Kt sq, and wins.

(*d*) Very well played.

(*e*) This ending is very instructive, and should be carefully studied by the young practitioner.

The closing partie for the 1st and 2d prizes of the B. C. A.'s recent Handicap Tourney.—*Gloucester.*

G. B. P.'S GAME, KT'S GAMBIT.

Mr. Wisker.	Herr Steinitz.	Mr. Wisker.	Herr Steinitz.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	16..Q Kt to B 3	P to K B 4
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt B 3	17..P×K B	K Kt-K 7 +
3..P-Q B 3	P-Q 4	18..K-

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Memoranda, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for reply and every letter sent for.

Fiem Adams,
Harry Weston,
L. D. Morris,
Ben Brown,
Geo. W. Howard (2),
A. J. Whitcomb,
Wm. C. Crum,
M. L. Townsend,
C. C. Chase,
Richard Wells,
W. A. Hughes,
Tony Denier,
Wm. Donavon,
F. E. Connolly,
Low Gaylord (4),
A. J. Sconcer,
Gonsalvo Bishop,
A. McFarland,
Herr Houlton,
Dick Foster,
Wm. Scott,
Sam Devine,
Ben Crosby,
Fred Berger,
Edwin Forrest,
P. P. Sherry
Jerry Hopper,
Peak Family,
Lew Sidt,
John Holtum 25 cts,
Bobby Manchester,
F. Mountford,
H. W. Maynard,
Geo. W. Stuart,
Harry Langdon,
Walter Bray,
James Gulick,
John Bowden,
Frank Dumont,
McK-an Buchanan,
George M. Hill,
Lucy Clinston,
C. W. Robertson,
Carrie Sawtell,
Augusta Walby,
Millie Florence,
Mrs. Rufus Somerby,
Sam Cole,
Riddle Fox (2),
John Templeton (2),
Warren McNeice,
James Carden,
Mike Kanane,
R. H. Armstrong (2),
Miron G. Calice,
Constantine Edwards (2),
Father Kemp,
Phil Diefenbach,
Gustave Bidant,
Geo. Twombly,
Albert Rice,
M. W. Leffingwell,
H. Reese Davis,
Frank Campbell,
Warren Richards,
Louis Haselmayer,
Frank Kent,
J. Chesat (3),
Wm. Foote,
J. V. Loomis,
Ben Wheeler,
Joseph Jefferson,
Add Ayman,
Jas. C. Murray,
C. H. Matthews,
F. J. Meyer,
Dan Kelly,
H. A. Hight,
Sile Soules,
James McCall,
John Fielding,
William Young,
John H. Therington,
Julius Seidel,
Alex. Robertson,
Andy McKee,
Robert Nickle (2),
Baine Forrest,
Annie Gibbons,
Aline LeFarre,
Alice Jones,
Leona Cavender,
Jennie Bunk,
Alice Hay.

Cool Burgess,
J. B. Morrison,
Doctor Thayer (2),
Emerson, Allen & Co (2),
Collins & Mortimer,
C. F. Ames,
Lon Chapin,
Robin Howard,
E. B. Denison,
John McBride,
Harry Barbour,
H. F. Madge,
Harry Franklin,
Eddie Collyer,
J. R. Blum,
Harry Somerville,
Tommy Sheridan,
M. B. Leavitt,
S. H. Hayward,
W. Arlington,
Mr. Kostelle,
A. L. Davenport,
Kelly & Leon,
C. H. Dupree,
Fred Wilson (2),
Harry French,
D. B. Collins,
James Boulard,
Will Lavake,
J. F. Dunnie (2),
Sprague Ryan,
Dick Ralph,
Chas. Stewart,
Frank Campbell,
Sydney Cook,
Harry Penaie,
Jake Budd,
C. H. Day,
N. C. Forrester.
Maude Richards,
May Arlington,
Annie Trevolla,
Miss Moore,
Zoe,
Kate Halpine,
Alice Hay.

We have sheets of music for Jennie Engel, Lew Benedict and Wm. Spalding. Postage, 10 cents each.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, March 8, '69.

THE *debut* of General Grant has been the *chief* topic of comment and conversation in amusement as well as other circles during the past week, and the *General* impression seems to be that the engagement will be a success, judging from the initial performance, which *took place* on the 4th inst., when divers utility and responsible people who expected to *take place* under the new management were not *cast* up in the inaugural entertainment, at which they were greatly *cast down;* while others, whose names had not been mentioned in connection with the *debutante's* support, found themselves named for the leading positions, much to their own surprise, as well as to the surprise of the public. The dance, which closed the performance of the occasion, was not a success in a *saltatorial* point of view, although we are told that quite a number of those present found themselves pretty well *salted* and *pickled* before the curtain fell on the last scene. It may be well to remark that there was a discrepancy of opinion as to permitting the African people to take part in the Terpsichorean festivities. This dispute about the *black* people probably gave *color* to the rumor, prevalent before the inauguration, that the ball was not to take place.....The cold spell of the past week revived recollections of Sitka and our possessions in the chilly regions recently purchased by the outgoing Secretary of State, Mr. Seward. It is stated on the authority of a returned settler from Sitka, who couldn't succeed in getting a "fit" there, that the place is nearly emptied of its settlers. It appears, as we understand it, that everybody wanted to keep a *rum mill*, which *mill*-itated against the interests of all in that line, because where every one kept *bar* it was an effectual bar to the success of any one. Nearly every person had rum to sell, so there could be no *customers*, though it might with truth be said that all hands were *rum* customers; and as so much antagonism might lead to a *rum*-pus, the squatters absquatulated for divers places. It looks as if New York might get in just such a *mart* before many years, for rum sellers are as plentiful as rum customers.....Our pious little contemporary, *Figaro*, the house bill at Niblo's, takes exception in a very ill-tempered way to some of the CLIPPER'S remarks concerning the burlesque of the "Forty Thieves;" in so doing it cuts a sorry *figure*, *oh!* and fails to count us out. We have no reason to change our previously expressed comments on this burlesque. We cannot have a very high estimate of any one who could peruse Mr. Fairlie's descriptions of Byron's burlesque. The puns introduced by him are perfectly atrocious, the egg-nogg-wation effort in particular being barbarous, and causing the audience each night to groan with horror and affright. The gentleman, in doing the "Forty Thieves," dropped the best pun in the travesties when he omitted Byron's title. It was played in London as the "Thirty-nine Thieves," in accordance with the author's reputation of *"taking one off."* Mr. Farnie, being a stranger to our manners and customs, has done probably as well as any other stranger could have done. The donkey feature of the burlesque is one of his strongest points, and with this he seems to be perfectly at home. But the affair is not a success as a burlesque, and, were it not for the liberality with which it has been placed upon the stage in the way of legs, costumes and scenery, "it" would scarcely have survived the second week. The gentlemanly adaptor can, and no doubt *will*, do better when he becomes "acclimated" and more conversant with the tastes of the people of this "blarsted country." There is not sufficient freshness in the burlesques of the present day. We were looking at "Pluto" the other afternoon, at the Theatre Comique, and a number of "burnt cork-onians" present seemed to recognize some of the conundrums and gags as old acquaintances, which they had discarded years ago. There is also a chilling suspicion of flunkeyism in too frequent allusion to the "glorious land of the West," and the magnificent "Yankee Nation," which sort of laudation we are the last people on the face of the earth to swallow. Jersey may be a singularly ridiculous idea to new arrivals, but it has been laughed dry. Horace Greeley has been exempt some time, and allusions to last fall's elections are not very funny, you know. Mr. F.'s only original production, the "Page's Revel," which was done at Tammany, was not *well* done; it was by no means a particularly brilliant affair. Is there crime in "suspicion" in saying so? *We* are not owned by managers, and have a way of speaking independently. To be sure we Americans are a very *stupid* people, but you had better let us localize burlesque ourselves, Manager Palmer, as we don't think *freshly* imported talent can do that so well. "Dixon" is brilliant, sparkling, devoid of stupidity and cockneyisms, and the local allusions are telling, and backed up by "scelimated talent," and though Miss Thompson, Lina Weber, Harry Beckett, and the rest of the troupe compose a bright constellation of talent, Manager Palmer had better let a Yank write up for them, as he knows *what* to do and *how* to do it in *this* country. What success the "Forty Thieves" met with in its early representations may be attributed to the sprightly acting of Lydia and Lina, Mr. Beckett's melo-drama, the handsome scenery, the dancing donkey, blonde hair and legs. And drop ping our well-meaning friend, Mr. Farnie, and the figurative attempts of *Figaro* to build up the "figure of Forty Thieves, a mere cypher by the way, we turn to our aspiring actresses of the legitimate school, as well as to the gushing damsels with the "yaller hair," (who have set the town almost wild with their blondinamenta), and, with a "due regard to the responsibility of our position," and the status of the blooming Ulanden, do them up in verse:—

GOLDEN FLEECE,
OR, HEAD VERSUS HAIR.

Syrens, full of wild ambition
On the stage an hour to strut,
Know, 'tis but on one condition
That a figure you can cut.
You may not be young or gifted,
May not be accounted fair,
But to fame you can be lifted
By a wealth of Golden Hair!

Never mind about the author,
Never mind how poor the piece is;
Lest a manager bring forth a
Play on which a Golden Fleece is,
Every night his house is crowded,
Audiences applaud and stare;
Each one eats the other's head off
Ever grow that Golden Hair!

Young men silly, old men doting,
Throng the halls and the parquet;
Those without seats eager floating
Round, to see if they can get
Some place near the stage, whence floral
Tributes they to launch may dare—
In the midst of dance or choral—
At that wealth of Golden Hair.

Little rock these fledglings callow—
Just beginning to see life—
Little reck old roues sallow,
When such competition's rife.
Why should they care for the feelings
Of the other people there,
In their rose-camelia dealings
With the nymphs of Golden Hair!

Sisters, ailing your yellow tresses!
She who sports the longest curls,
And with them the shortest dresses,
Is the queen amongst stage girls.
Brains you needn't give a snap for,
If auriferous wires you wear;
They'll fill each intellectual gap; for
Wealth and fame's in Golden Hair!

Sing of Golden Fleece the glory!
Ever since we told Jason's day,
He's considered hunk-dory
Who such prize can bear away.
But, ye Argonauts, pray listen:
Ah! go not for it; beware!
Other "fleecing" it will prizes
In a wealth of Golden Hair!

..... And talking about the theatres, "A Constant Reader" desires to know "how things is—whether managers have much trouble in getting home with the profits, and what we think of the situation, and so forth." Well, as "Constant Readers" know best about what's going on than those who are not such steady perusers of our invaluable paper, we shall "a plain, unvarnished tale unfold," and, confidentially, let out a few stray thoughts, and tell a few unembellished truths. *Experience* teaches that in many everyday theatres are in a somewhat languishing condition, and most of the "crowded houses" and "tremendous success" paragraphs read of in the "respectable dailies," are so only *occasionally*. Let us take a run round and see, and judge for ourselves, as all biased reader. *Booth's Theatre* is doing well, but the business is not *great*; the lower and best paying portion of the house is well-patronized, but the upper part is shy. Shakespeare is here, and it is a treat to witness a performance at this house. The *Broadway* has been doing wonderfully, the attraction being very small, and the entertainments in an alternative being very small, and the entertainments in an alternative being very small, and the entertainments in accordance with the patronage. *Low's Circus* is in a vigorous condition (prosperity)—day performances, as well as evening, continue to be well-attended by good audiences, but those of a very attracting and enthusiastic class. The *Olympic*, which has been in successful and fashionable vogue, is changing the same panto mimes, "Humpty Dumpty," for one of a week, in order to show that "Humpty" is likely to have a fall at last. The attendance during the past week giving the treasurer more leisure time than he has known for months. *San Francisco Minstrels* are not crowded with full houses when "white" business begins at 8; their average receipts are probably not more than last as large as they were to the "happy we three." *Niblo's* is doing comfortably well, but we question if the management is making much money—the "Black Crook" success is not repeated in the "Forty Thieves"—the novelty has worn off. *Tony Pastor's Opera House* is doing well, and Tony is become handsomer richer as the close of the week than at the beginning. *Wallack's* has had a succession of very good houses since the production of "Much Ado About Nothing;" a falling off is now perceptible, and the bill will soon be changed. *New York Theatre*—of this house it might be said:—"Let all (managers) who enter here leave hope behind." It has been closed for a week or more, owing to disastrously bad business. A bold move threatens to re-open it on the 10th inst. He has our prayers for a safe deliverance. *Wood's Theatre and Museum* has no done much since the abdication of the Lydia Thompson Troupe. During their reign, the receipts were very large; now, the attendance is rather small. *Bryant's Minstrels* pair to half houses, the location not seeming to be at all advantageous for minstrel entertainments. We do not believe the Bryants will retain possession of the hall after May, if they do until that time. *Grand (Pike's) Opera House* is closed, for want of sustenance. "Affliction sore long time it bore," and then gave up the ghost, preparatory to a grand re-opening with a "tempest"—not in a tea pot, we trust—in April. *Bowery Theatre*—light, but a big business is now anticipated, a management on the production of a new pantomime, the "Seven Dwarfs," to present which in extraordinary style the manager has expended his bottom dollar. *Tammany* has not realized the expectations of its managers. It opened big, but the attractions were not kept up, and of late the paying attendance has been comparatively small. *The Waverley*, (late Kelly & Leon's) with the Elise Holt burlesque troupe, is doing a most excellent business. *John Brougham's Theatre*, Twenty-third street, is a failure, pecuniarily, and John will soon retire from the management. *Academy of Music* does very well with Kellogg, but when she is not on, the house wears a somewhat lonely aspect. *Theatre Comique* is meeting with success, although the houses are not quite as well-filled as formerly. It is one of the paying theatres. *Grau's Theatre Francaise* is closed "in consequence of the necessary day and night rehearsals wanted for '*La Vie Parisienne*,'" so the bill says, but it is not likely that a manager would shut up while a piece was paying. Opera Bouffe seems to have had its day. *Sunday evening concerts* at Brewster's and Irving Halls pay, but not to a very heavy extent. *The Stadt Theatre*, with a new German star, Mr. Haase, is very well attended by the German element. Thus we have given a brief outline of the business doing in the way of amusements in this city, from which it will be seen that but few places are making money. This lack of sustenance may be attributed partly to the depression in business generally, partly to the observance of Lent, and, to a certain extent, to the increased number of theatres and kind ed places, each new establishment tending to draw off patronage from the others.....And now, having subscribed ourselves to you, like the young ladies of the *ballet*, let us give heed to the extraordinary Shakespearian critiques from

THE MAN IN THE FLIPS.

Mister Editer Clipper—Sense entering into the task o commencing, I've sevvil times been injuced to ax myself wether or noe it wouldn't be a good idea to remodel the plays o Shakespier altogether—th old wille o dom things, when the public prefers branes to muscles being ardly adapted to this eliersent age. Ef the sweet swon did go a ole pile on is grammas and poetickle fancys, there can't be no reezon why m-usic and ligh and airy fixins shood not be introduced in the like instrashun. I might convey a better idys of my meanin by a analysis of the play knowne as "The Winter's Tale," the witen is now undergoin prepara hn at Muster Booche's, with, I am appy to say, the most extravagint prospex of success. The pla as you know is a fine acter, and abounds with clever etex. The p ece is laid in the kingdums o Sizzier and Bohemy—a circumstants which as been artfle availed of to conciliate the illtery people, on are mostly Bohemians. On this, by the wa, it appens that P. O Lixons, the big lights of Barnum's, is on a visit to is brother, as it were, the King of Sizzier, the latter own in o f a ans m wife, geta jelious of er and im, jus as O'heller did of Desdemony, wich bein told to O Lixon, e quits court, and sheds saddles back to Bohe my, accompnied by O me-illo; at which Leon Tease, the Sizzle aforesaid, put is wife (wich she is named Her-My-one-) into prizon, and, avin serious misgivins has to the infant, gives it in charge to one Athenem, to pizen and bury unbeknownst. The scene in wich Leon unveils is feelin his will is capible pints. The spec e of a wood in Hammichuk, as I sen, as sanded down to us, reas like or a o mine. Could think I could improve it:—

"Thou wan't a rough pash and to shoot as I are,
So be jull like me. Yit they say
We mosto nat ke eggs. Wimmen that say so
Will see anything—as false as dice are to be.
Wisht by one that flea'em. Look on me with
Your winkin eye, sweet willin—my dearest—
My collop—can thou dare? mas't be?
Affexion, thy lutsushin stabe the centaur,"

steetter, steetter. Athin poet would be a good idea for Leon in this scene, for does e not say:—

"I am angling new,
Thof you perceive me not sw I give line."

In observin "my wife is slupper," in the distraction of is brain, e seems to ave got er mixt hup with the h'heels. The offer of honlis Antigenous as to the gedin business might seem a little too strongly put, but e speak probly by way of metaphor. In the subsequint lines, used by Leon imself, I think there is a misprint; the lines:—

"You smell this blen'as with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose,"

Shood probly read:—

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"Let im that makes but trifles of issys
First handle me!"

She was one of the ordines of istory, that gal, and might a joined the Sorosimacs. Ere might be thrown in a bally to great advantage, an a gran set to betwix Polixer and the gyards. Le-n now ears from the Noracle or tells im is Mopses is abused the whole ouse is ontidy, and nobody is to blame, and e never will have no hissue if the babe don't turn up for its usuol spin kin and trease. Meanwile, Antigenus as an been shipwreck'd off the coast of Bohemy, where e lays it down, and wether's off is devoured by a bear, which pashoos im to slow music. A old shepperd picks hup the foundlink and is about, as usual, to take it indigreenatly to the nerrest cashn owse, wen e opens the barskit wider, and discovers ab ut a hundred thousan dollars in gold and a letter of hi full partic lars. Era clownd ist i jected to, uneven the perce, and a parade dow ouse ess might be pourtrayed with eclat. In t e original play, as d opens with a chorus, and to suit the gallery a band of minstrels might be engaged, and Bohemy—a circumstants which as been artfle availed of to conciliate the illtery people, on are mostly Bohemians. On this, by the wa, it appens that P. O Lixons, the big lights of Barnum's, is on a visit to is brother, as it were, the King of Sizzier, the latter own in o f a ans m wife, gets jelious of er and im, jus as O'heller did of Desdemony, wich bein told to O Lixon, e quits court, and sheds saddles back to Bohe my, accompnied by O me-illo; at which Leon Tease, the Sizzle aforesaid, put is wife (wich she is named Her-My-one-) into prizon, and, avin serious misgivins has to the infant, gives it in charge to one Athenem, to pizen and bury unbeknownst. The scene in wich Leon unveils is feelin his will is capible pints. The spec e of a wood in Hammichuk, as I sen, as sanded down to us, reas like or a o mine. Could think I could improve it:—

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"ROMEO AND JULIET," at Booth's Theatre, is drawing sufficiently large audiences to warrant the management in retaining it on the bills. Let us hope it will do so, for however good histrionic performance is visit Booth's Theatre, and witness the presen ation o' one of Shakespeare's tragedies. Such a treat is se dom giv n us. The parts are all well played, the costu es are new, in accordance with the era of the play, and the scenery is of a high order of artistic merit. We may be pardoned for ca ling attention to the excellent manner in which the character of Mercutio is played by Mr. Edwin Adams. It is one of the gems of the piece and has at once established that gentleman in the esteem and favor of the public. On Saturday evening, Mr. Booth's off-night, Mr. Adams will appear as Hamlet.

KELLOGG, at both *matinee* and evening performance, has come with a rush, at the Academy of Music. They *do* say that Clara earns one thousand dollars per week by her warblings. Her flag is still there. Go and hear the Kellogg.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY," on Wednesday, March 10, will have closed the *first year* of its existence as the Olympic.

JOHN MULLIGAN is to join the San Francisco Minstrels at the close of his engagement with Manager Hooley.

"THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN" was presented at Wood's Museum on the 1st inst., with Mr. W. J. Florence as Bob Brierly, Mrs Florence as Emily, Ada Harland as May, Lillie Eldridge as Sam Willoughby, L. Mestayer as Hawkshaw, Mary Wells as Mrs Willoughby, Mr. Fitzgerald as Jem Dalton, F. Meeder as Green Jones, etc. The same bill is announced for this week, with Fanny Herring as Lizzie in the afternoon.

MATINEES continue the rage. At some establishments, especially the Italian Opera, the display of female finery is of the most gorgeous and lavish description. We begin to question whether the ladies attend these places to see the show, or to make a show of themselves. How happy a man could make himself with a dollar in all these divinities. And yet the ars not *all* divini ies; angelic-looking though they seem, some of them are regular bugs. But we see nothing; we have nothing but words of cheer and good will for the ladies.

THE RIZARELLI Brothers, who have been performing the flying trapeze act at the New York Circus for seven weeks, add thereto this week a groundan ngymnas ics. Caroline Rosland, a graceful and daring equestrienne, and possessing one of the best balances of any in the business, appears in a horseback act, and the entire company show is new as s.

KATE REYNOLDS makes her first appearance in this city since her return from Europe at he Broadway Theatre, this evening, in a new domestic drama, entitled "The Shadow of a Crime," written expressly for her during her visit to London. She will also appear in "Richelieu at Sixteen."

"THE FORTY THIEVES," a rather weak attempt at burlesque, continues on the bills at Niblo's Garden. The management cards the leading attractions as the dashing Lydia Thompson, the beau ful Markham, the versatile Lina Weber, the elegant Edith Challis, and the deep-dyed Beckett, but says no king about the donkey, which certainly deserves a line for creating as much laughter as anything in the piece. A change is shortly to be made in the bill. One is certainly desired, for the "Forty Thieves" is falling o ut rast.

JESSIE KIMBALL has made her first debut in this city on the 1st inst., at Brougham's theatre, appearing as Jenny Leatherlungs in "Jenny Lind." There was a fair audience to greet her, but the reception she met with no doubt operated against her future success, as business was very light the rest of the week. In addition to "Jenny Lind," the burlesque of "Pocahontas" was present d each evening; and on Thursday the comedy of "An Irish Slew" was added to the bill. Miss Kimball is rather inclined to run too point, and when dressed a la Edna Hall, did not present a very attractive appearance. In make-up and singing she copied Miss Hall and Lotrce, seeking to imitate the former in her rendition of songs and the latter in dancing a break, and the latter in her rather broad reprise to two of the encores, which did not exactly suit the style of audience present, as she was hissed, and pretty loudly, too. After the second night she toned down considerably her rendition of the pieces, and omitted the slap-dash business altogether. Miss Kimball continues this week, appearing in "Perfection."

BURLESQUE continues in favor at the Waverly, where Elise Holt is receiving a good share of public patronage, the theatre being crowded each evening by an enthusiastic audience. James Lewis is a clever burlesque actor, and has contributed a the success of the piece. Mr. Lewis is being regaled at the Bowery Theatre, less as a burlesque than as a star for the "Hub."

GEORGE AVENE at present at the Theatre Comique, has been secured for the Waverly, and will appear here shortly.

CHARLAY FURBER, advance agent, and late "invisible man" for the opera bouffe in Boston, was in this city on the 5th and 6th inst.

JOHN BERNARD, an archer of baste from the west and sou hern s, arrived in this city on the 31 inst.

"THE SEVEN DWARFS; OR, HARLEQUIN AND THE WORLD OF WONDERS," is the title of a pantomime by the veteran Joseph C. Foster, which is to be produced at the Bowery Theatre this evening. A full dress private rehearsal was given on Sunday evening, at which a number of invited guests were present. The pantomime was gone through with for the first time completely, and worked very well. The dwarfs in all their tricks never, the dresses handsome, the dancing fair, the *ballets* well arranged, and, altogether, it promises to be a most enjoyable performance. What the two Japanese are to look upon is the one thing or the kind we have seen ed in this city. The changing of a cow into a dairy, a fish ladies churning, a pump into a tabe, and a load of hay into a handsome and gay, are very cleverly performed.

LINGARD AGAIN IN COURT.—Mr. Lingard appears to be in hot water pretty much all the time with members of the profession. In the Third District Court on the 5th inst., Mr. Nichol M. McIntyre brought a suit to recover $40.50 which the plaintiff avers was due to him by the defendant for salary, hotel and traveling expenses while in his employ as an actor. Nichol M. McIntyre testified that he was engaged by Mr. Lingard, manager of the Theatre Comique in this city, to perform at his theatre; the engagement was a written one, and was to commence on the 9th of November; commenced three days earlier, on the 5th; the theatre was destroyed by fire during that engagement; I have not played in the theatre since; after the destruction of the theatre by fire, on the 4th of December, I made a verbal engagement with Mr. Lingard, by which I was to receive the same salary and my board and traveling expenses; I was to travel with Mr. Lingard and perform in different places; I commenced to travel two weeks after the fire; went to Washington and played in the company there; I received a written notice of discharge on the 4th of January, signed by Mr. Staples, the husband of Mary Wells, the actress, the agent of Mr. Lingard; I continued to play one week after the 4th of January; on the 11th of January I received the following order from him:—"Boston, January 11th. Mr. McIntyre—I am requested by Mr. Lingard to say that, owing to your having broken the rules of the theatre which you signed, by addressing him in his private dressing room, he dispenses with your services. He excuses the fine of five dollars, and I am authorized by him to give you fifteen dollars, being the balance of your salary for the ensuing week. Yours, etc., R. Staples, for William H. Lingard." He would not allow me to perform after the 11th of January, and ordered me out of the theatre; he tendered me the fifteen dollars, which I declined to receive; he owes me on account of expenses from the time I left New York until I returned, $29.50, in addition to twenty dollars salary; I played one week in Brooklyn for Mr. Lingard, and he said to me there:—"We are going to Washington next week, and of course I shall pay your expenses over and above what it costs you to live in New York;" defendant paid my expenses in all the cities where we performed until we reached Boston, where the expenses I claim were incurred. Defendant's counsel offered to produce several other witnesses, but the court refused to hear any further testimony, remarking that he had got a surfeit of theatrical cases, and he did not see the "utility" of having any more. He hoped the theatrical profession would find some other means o settling their disputes without bringing them into court. Judgment rendered or plaintiff—$29 50.

KENT'S THEATRICAL HOSIERY ESTABLISHMENT is to be moved from No. 202 to 173 Bowery, on May 1st. Parties dealing with that firm will make a note on't.

HOKE.—G. J. Fyffe and Mr. and Mrs. George Brookes returned from their trip to the West Indies on the 3d, reaching here after a pleasant voyage of sixteen days, by the ship Hattie E. Dodge, from Barbadoes. The balance of the company arrived a few days previous by other vessels.

FRED MELVILLE, having returned from Brazil, is at present visiting Trenton, N. J. He intends organizing another party soon for that country.

ZOE closed her engagement at the Broadway Theatre on the 6th inst. We don't believe she will go there again.

KATE BATEMAN has been secured by Mr. Booth for a brief star engagement at his theatre, to open on Sept. 20th, filling the time originally intended for E. A. Sothern. Bateman *pere* will act as agent for his daughter during her starring tour in this country.

"SCHOOL"—which has been in active preparation at Wallack's for a few weeks, will follow "Much Ado About Nothing" shortly. Effie Germon and Owen Marlowe have been specially engaged to play in "School" at Wallack's.

MISS MARRIOTT, who was announced to sail from Liverpool, for this city on the 3d inst. will arrive here about the 15th inst. She has been secured for Wood's Museum, and will open there in April, at the close of the Florence engagement of three months. She is to be supported by J. H. Cathcart.

ANNA SWAN, the giantess, sailed on the 6th inst. for England.

MARK SMITH is reported as having relinquished the stage management of Boo h's Theatre.

NEW YORK was without opera bouffe on Wednesday evening, March 3d, for the first time in seven months. The French Theatre was occupied for ball purposes that evening.

JOHN BROUGHAM produces this evening, at his theatre, the burlesque of "Much Ado About A Merchant of Venice," with the following cast:—Shylock, John Brougham; Lorenzo, Effie Germon; Bassanio Eliza Newton; Antonio, A. Mathison; Tubal, Charles Dale; Gratiano, Miss Firman; Portia, Mrs. J. J. Prior, and Jessica, Mrs. Schmidt. The parts in the burlesque the comedietta of "Perfection" will be preserved.

CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE deserted his dear wife from England in Feb. 27-h, and is expected home by the 11th inst.

THE NEW YORK THEATRE reopens on the 10-h inst., when Mr. Henry Woodmere, a German actor, who is desirous of showing his abilities in English drama, appears in a five act translation from the German entitled "Hinko, or King and Executioner." In the company engaged to support him are J. B. Studley, Henry Raymond, Mrs. Wilkins and F. Hunter.

JAMES W. GUEST, who went to England with Boothroyd Fairclough nearly a year ago, returned to this city by the *Australasian* on the 4th inst.

A LOT of props. and mechanical effects arrived here on the 4th inst. from London, purchased there by Manager Hayes of the Olympic in this city, for Manager Selwyn, of Boston, for "Midsummer Night's Dream," which will shortly be produced there.

MR. TOOLE, a comedian of considerable reputation in London, has been secured by Mr. Tayleure for the Grand Opera House here. He comes to this country after the Nilsson Opera season in this city.

OLIVE LOGAN returned to this city on the 6th inst., for a few days, having concluded her lecturing tour. She appears on the 12th inst. in Bath, Me., where she lectures in the Bowdoin College Course. She has in preparation for next season a new lecture on "Girls." A pretty subject.

CHARLIE AUSTIN is the name of a party who was announced to take a benefit in Providence, R. I., on the 9th inst., to be assisted by La Pet Celeste, Mariuni Chirieki, John R. Case and others.

THE PIKE VS. LINGARD SUIT.—This case, which was fully reported in our issue of last week, resulted in the judge directing a verdict in favor of Mr. Lingard. The Judge says:—"That as Mrs. Pike to go in the chorus, the testimony seems to justify me in coming to the conclusion that there was nothing degrading or derogatory to either personal dignity or professional honor in doing what the manager requested Mrs. Pike to do in the operetta in question. The testimony further shows that in small theatres such business as groups, choruses, &c., is always done by the actors without reference to the grade of characters they are engaged to perform in. Utility of itself does not mean 'responsible or respectable utility,' the terms being synonymous, and the words 'bet er business, if required,' imply that it is discretionary with the manager to give better business if so disposed. In this case, in my judgment, all the means and requirements that the actor or actress shall do and perform in all characters required by the manager, and which are not immoral or degrading. Mr. Pike, in refusing to go on the stage and perform the part assigned her by the manager, violated the agreement, and is remanded optional with the defendant to terminate the engagement, which he chose to do. Judgment is, therefore, rendered in favor of the defendant, with ten dollars costs."

GEORGE W. CHANDLER, otherwise Geo. W. Garrison, was brought to this city from Chicago on the 6th, on a requisition from Gov. Hoffman, of this State. It appears that some time ago an indictment was found against George by the Grand Jury of this city for bigamy, having two lawful wives; and so, armed with the proper documents, detectives proceeded to Chicago, where the two much married man was playing at Cobb's Opera House, and arrested him, as stated. Some months ago George was charged, at Jefferson Market Police Court, this city, with abandoning a wife, and placed under bonds to contribute a certain weekly stipend toward her support. George is now doing Garrison duty in this city.

PROF. ROBERTS advertises a new style of amusements in the CLIPPER'S columns, entitled "Tableau Concerts," which, combining as they do, the two divine arts, can hardly fail of success, and from his exhibitions at Irving Hall and the Tammany, in this city, we consider the tableaux the best ever seen in this country.

THE BRYANTS continue the performance of the burlesque of "Shylock, the Merchant of Chatham Street," in which Dan Bryant appears as the Jew in Dutch, while Unsworth does up in true Irish the Duke. Nelse Seymour and Dan Bryant repeat their every impersonation of the two gendarmes from "Genevieve de Brabant." This last act is always encored.

THE FRISCO MINSTRELS make very little, if any, change in their programme for the current week, "the Siege of the Blondes"—one of the best burlesques on one of the sensations of the day we have witnessed for some time—being sufficient to send an audience away in the best of good humor. Mr. Wambold, who has been suffering the past two weeks with his throat, is a little better. Billy Birch has recovered from his late indisposition.

"DON CESAR DE BAZAN" is announced for presentation this evening at the Theatre Comique, with G. C. Boniface as the bold and defiant Don Cæsar. The burlesque of "Pluto" continues on the bills. Miss Annie Wood, who played Apollo in the burlesque so well, had to appear as Eurydice all the past week, in consequence of the illness of Lina Edwin, and played the part in a satisfactory manner. She will continue to play it this week.

BARNEY WILLIAMS has decided not to re-lease the Broadway Theatre another year, his present term expiring on May 1. It was his intention to have continued one year longer, and the papers were drawn up for his signature, but the landlord had a provision in the lease that Barney did not like, and he consequently determined to give it up. It is probable that the premises will be converted into stores, as it is too far down town for a profita le place of amusement.

JOHN JACK, the old MAN of the Broadway Theatre, plays Falstaff in "Henry the Fourth" at that establishment during the month of April.

THE ENTERTAINMENT at present given at Tony Pastor's Opera House is a first-class one, and is attracting crowded houses. Maggie Fielding opened there last week. She is a good vocalist, and has a selection of songs which are new and pleasing. She knows how and when to use her arms while singing, something that many are ignorant of. She was encored from four to six times each evening. Bowman and Harris, two song and dance performers from the West, also appeared in a Dutch song and Ethiopian sketches. Song and dance is said to be their specialty. Tony Pastor sings this week about the English Blondes.

THE TAMMANY presents nothing new for the current week, relying upon the same acts and performers that appeared the past week. Robert Nickle, prestidigitateur, the burlesque of "The Horse Marines," the pantomime of "Nicodemus," besides the pleasing Burkwood Sisters, the Carlo Brothers and Harry Rayburn, continue on the bills.

THE SHADOW PANTOMIMES of "Mother Goose," a pleasing parlor amusement, part suitably for children, may be procured of Thos. Yates, as per advertisement in another column.

"L'AFRICAINE" is the next burlerque to be produced at Niblo's Garden.

AMY SEDGWICK has been secured in London by Tayleure to play Miranda, in the "Tempest," originally cast for Nelly Moore, who does not intend to return to this country for the present.

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HOWARD GLOVER, late orchestral leader at Niblo's Garden, appears at the Waverly this evening.

PAULINE MARKHAM, having recovered from her late sickness, reappears at Niblo's this evening.

Dramatic.

THE RICHINGS' ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE, who opened at the Boston Theatre the past week, continues their engagement, and present for the current week "Il Trovatore," "Martiana," "Norma," "La Fille du Granadas," and "Les Pierrots."

ADA WEBB re-appears on the stage after a lengthy retirement. She goes to Boston this trip, her sister

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CHARLEY GARDNER takes a farewell benefit at Memphis, Tenn., on the 12th inst., previous to his departure for Cincinnati. He and his son, Master Charley, can be engaged. See card in another column.

TALENT for Dan Collins' minstrels and Brass Band is advertised for in another column.

EMERSON, ALLEN & MANNING'S MINSTRELS opened at Detroit on the 1st, for six nights and a matinee. Our correspondent "Mac" says:—"Following on the heels of the Buckley's, who did a poor business, it was supposed that the Emerson party would come out minus, but the result has been a most gratifying surprise to the managers, they having been greeted with a succession of full houses. The troupe is first class in every respect, and the largest that has visited Detroit this season, having no less than nineteen performers, fifteen being on in the first part. The three proprietors in their several specialties are unexcelled. The olio is good throughout, nearly every act being nightly encored. Billy Emerson in his song and dance was encored three and four times. Rollin Howard's burlesque *prima donna* act is the best ever witnessed here. A feature of the troupe is the splendid orchestra. Rollin Howard severed his connection with the company on the 3d. After the performance, on that evening, he gave the boys an oyster supper at the Idaho restaurant, when all hands had a gay old time. He left for Toronto on the 4th, to join Cool Burgess, preparatory to a visit to Europe."

FRED WILSON'S MINSTRELS were to open on the 8th in St. Louis, giving a burlesque called "Gardner Lottery," and "Struck by Lightning."

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS open on the 8th at Mercantile Library, St. Louis, giving, during their stay, "Grand Duchess," "Barber Blue," and "Belle L. N."

MRS. O'DONAVON ROSSA was to give select readings and recitations at the Mercantile Library, St. Louis, on the 4th inst.

Circuses.

DAN RICE is busily at work at Girard, Pa., organizing a circus for the summer of 1869. He will travel exclusively by rail.

CANVASSES of various sizes are kept constantly on hand by Jam s Martin & Son, who advertise in another column.

CIRCUS PROPERTY, including everything constituting a circus, except the baggage horses, is advertised for sale by A. Conant.

CHARLES FISH, equestrian, advertises that he can be engaged.

F. TOURNIAIRE, somersault rider, advertises that he can be engaged for the coming season.

G. A. EMERY AND C. W. SHOWALTER, posturers and tumblers, advertise that they are in want of an engagement for the coming season.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, clown and comic singer, advertises in another column for an engagement for the coming season.

CHARLES RICHMOND AND NELSON CURRY, gymnasts, advertise in the CLIPPER that an engagement.

SAM DEVINE, banjoist, comedian, singist, etc., advertises in another column for a "posish." Go for this Divine Sam.

MR JAMES ROBINSON'S CIRCUS will terminate its southern tour at Richmond, Va., on March 20th, opening there on the 16th inst. At the disbandment Mr. Robinson will proceed at once to Philadelphia to join Gardiner and Kenyon's Circus and Menagerie. Shappy and Whitney come to New York to fill their contract with the European Show. Lucille Wa son will enlist under the banner of Pe ham's Oriental Circus, and Pete Conklin embarks under the auspices of O Brien. Messrs. Scott and Bickett, two well known "cads," men, have been secured by Mr. Conklin to render music service for Mr. O'B.

TWO PAD HORSES, broke for leaping principal or somersault acts, are advertised for sale.

W. S. CARROLL and his two ponies can be secured for the coming season. As to their line of business, see advertisement.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG AND WIFE advertise for engagements to travel this summer. They have just closed in Boston with the Stone and Murray party.

A. W. MORGAN, circus advertiser, died at the Pavilion Hotel, Charleston, S. C., during the week ending Feb. 27 h, in abject poverty. He was buried by the professionals in that city at the time.

ROBINSON'S CIRCUS will be in Raleigh, N. C., on the 11th inst.

HEMINGS, COOPER AND WHITBY'S CIRCUS was to open at Tenth and Callowhill s reet's, Philadelphia, on the 9th inst., succeeding Mr. Warner's party.

CIRCUS TALENT is wanted by Levi J. North. See advertisement.

A CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE SIDE SHOW PRIVILEGE is advertised for sale by Levi J. North.

Music Halls.

THE OLYMPIC, Nashville, Tenn., is a new institution, opened March 1st. Our correspondent says:—"This hall is located in the building corner of Cherry and Deaderick streets. The force of The First Lesson; or, The French Dancing Master," was the first piece, followed by the Lilley Brothers, a song by Jim Bidal, local hits at 'Tennessee School Fund,' a number of songs and dances, and 'Love in Swiss Cottage.' The company are principally from the new theatre, who find that variety will suit better. As the price is reduced to 25cts. opposition with the order of the day, between this and the Academy.....Two new faces made their appearance this (last) week Bella Verd, and Miss Leoline. The pan omnonsense let 'Dummy Humphrey,' in its second week. It may not run a year be, but is running as long as the treasurer's box. The cast is good, and, besides, the stock and ballet engaged, new and the scenery has been painted expressly for it. Edwards leaves on the 6th. Joe Woods sings a new song, called the 'K.K.K.,' in which Brothers Greeley and Butler receive attention. Ritie Baker's songs are all encored. W. Martin, in her new song 'Out in the Streets,' has made a decided hit. Kate Davenport has a new song."

THE VARIETIES, Mobile, Ala., says our correspondent, "Guy," writing under date of March 2d, "is in a flourishing condition, the new company meeting with a big success. Miss Nellie Whitney has proved a big card in her sensational comic songs. Her make up and style is decidedly pleasing, and will take before any audience. Miss Lotta Starr still continues to be very attractive in her songs and dances. On the 2d Miss Annie Rosh dropped in, but failed to create any impression. Johnny Redden has taken the stage management, and continues as big a favorite as ever, as he wins new laurels nightly in his songs and dances and funny sayings. Johnny Burke has become a favorite, and he is a performer of more than ordinary abilities. Tommy Winnett's clog dancing has set 'em wild with enthusiasm. Nellie Whitney and Johnny Rickards 'Kitty from Cork' and 'Dandy Pat' are immense. Williams and Master Wiley are very happy as the 'Little Mokes.'.....Dick Western is laid up in the Sisters' Hospital in this city.....Herrin's Herculean Combination Company has returned to the city after a trip up the country, and are reorganizing for another trip. Jim Mass and Cressy Creighton are in the trouve."

NAOMI POSTER desires engagements with Music Managers for 1st season.

LIBBIE LA FAVRE, *danseuse*, and Georgie May, vocalist and *danseuse*, opened on the 4th at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va. Johnny Price, comedian, and Kate Clare, jiggist and vocalist, are underlined to appear shortly.

MARIE MIST, LIBBIE LEROY, Wade Clifton, Mlle. Dalin, Mlle Coleman, Kate Hunter, Nell Rogers, G. H. Melville, and Johnny Harris emtinue in the company at the Academy of Music, Richmond, Va.

THE OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., is one of the live institutions of that city. During the past week the attraction offered consisted of Miss E. Scott, *danseuse*, Addie Johnson, Edith Hall, Lillie Fern, Marie Mist, Carrie Hall, Ida Moore, Mona Chenai, Mlle. Elise, Mlle. Lottie, Misses Graham, Lafevre, Lenetta, Carmer, Mc. Langley, and Somers, Belle Isabel, Wm. Scott, and Mlle. Violet.

GEORGE WINSHIP, E hiopian comedian, who was paralyzed while going to Boston last summer, is getting along comfortably. His right side is all right, and he has some little use of his left arm, but is unable to perform on the stage his regular business. He is desirous of getting a situation as stage manager, and announces that parties who may wish to buy his original acts, never acted except at Tony Pastor's Opera House, can do so. See his advertisement.

RENTZ, the mimic, remains this week at Deagle's Varieties, Chicago, Ill., and is followed by Annie Hindle.

THE UNION, New Haven, Conn., is said to be in full blast at present, but business is light. Justin Robinson, female impersonator, lately of Hooley's Minstrels; Emma Parker and Master Jimmy Moore, appeared the past week. A. Lockwood, Interlocutor, and J. G. H. Shorey, were also among the attractions the past week. This week Mlle Carolista and Master Chas. Austin (a imput of J. G. H. Shorey) are announced.

MR. and MRS. EDWIN BLANCHARD are the stars this week at the Olympic, Brooklyn, with their dogs, Carlo and Wallace.

SIGNORITA SAGNINO and Herculeo Libbey closed at the Bowery Theatre, in this city, on the 6th inst. The act called "Air Rebatic," performed on a small trapeze, suspended nearly 50 feet above the stage, is daringly performed by Sagrino. During this act she per orms a drum solo while balancing on one foot. This week they are at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

FOUR STARS put in an appearance this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston. The Punch and Judy show is one of the attractions offered.

THE VICTORELI BROTHERS, together with Miss Bradden, Flossa Brook, and Taylor, and Hermsa and Williams, were at the American Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week.

NEW FACES and fresh attractions are continually presented at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C. Our correspondent, "Horice," says:—"Mlle. Conchita Ronzati *danseuse* and rope *artiste*, put in an appearance on the 1st inst. She gave a go up in the second part of the entertainment, and in the cancan appeared in a dashing Spanish dance. Her reception was cordial, and she at once danced herself into the good graces of the audience. Charlie Howard and Dick Clarke end on the 26th ult. Billy Hart now attends to the tambourine, and Sammy Williams manipulates the bones. Both good performers and give satisfaction, except in one particular, i. e., indulging in gags that are old enough to vote. The next week, Hart sings The Gals on the Avenue,' and Williams the same, 'We Choose to be a Baby.' N. C Dallasio sings opera nic, Darling, in excellent style, and is rewarded with encores nightly. Mr. DuMai is possessed of a remarkably sweet tenor voice, and since his accession to the company has become a most attractive feature. Julia Barton sings in the first part a new and very pretty song called 'Mi is Le,' a small chorus from 'Trovatore,' is given as a finale to the latter's scene. Sammy Williams gives a very good tambourine solo in the olio part of the performance. Nellie Edwards is also obliged to appear four and five times whenever she sings her budget of comic songs. The very laughable farce entitled 'The Arrival of Dickens' was considerably marred on evening I attended, by the introduction of foul talk, which should not be repeated. Miss Julia Summerfield, Ella Sheldon, Josephine Carson, Mlle Stacy, and Mollie Russell present new dances, all of them to have scores of admirers. Jenny DeMara will leave the company and go to Chicago, and Ella Sheldon her engagement on the 6th inst., and goes to Doc Nelly's Park, Brooklyn. Miss Sheldon has been a member of the company for seven months, having joined in the early part of last August. The glorious caucan, now in its 6th week, is to be withdrawn on the 6th. An afternoon performance was given on Inauguration Day..... The company is now reduced in quantity and quality since Mr. Ward left. While Mlle Heide, May Scott, Mlle Albertine Ada, and Miss Maddox, Mlle Bogar, Joly Keene, Alf. Holcomb, and Master Albert constitute the force engaged. The Four Cheerberry sisters is retained on the bill, and a trick P

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line;* the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer *in advance.*

ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon of Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

CHARLIE CORIELL,
CHAMPION BONE PLAYER,
VOCALIST AND GENERAL PERFORMER,
AND
MISS BELLE WILLIAMS,
VOCALIST AND VERSATILE ACTRESS,
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TO FARO PLAYERS!
The wonderful French Mathematician and Sport's (Lourette's) "system" of controlling the odds in faro playing, furnished by addressing P. O. box 4,734, and inclosing $1. 49-3t*

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IOWA.—This new and magnificent hall is now offered for rent to all respectable entertainments. Centrally located in a city population of thirty-five hundred, well lighted and ventilated, with stage 34x18, and will seat from three to five hundred. For terms, address DAVID RANKIN,
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49-3t*

MR. F. TOURNIAIRE,
SOMERSAULT RIDER,
Can be engaged for the coming season by addressing him, care of Clipper Office, or care of MR. WALLACE, No. 1,135 Coulton street, Philadelphia, Pa. 48 3t*

COLERICK'S OPERA HOUSE,
(FORT WAYNE, IND.)
Having opened the above named establishment for a REGULAR DRAMATIC SEASON, with a first class company, I am ready to negotiate with STARS AND OTHER ATTRACTIONS. Address
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SAM DEVINE,
BANJOIST, COMEDIAN, AND SONG AND DANCE MAN, can be engaged for the coming tenting season. Address
THEATRE COMIQUE, Wilmington, Del.
49-1t*

CHARLES F. BERNARD,
Organist, Vocalist and Pianist, and the young and beautiful Vocalist "Soprano" and Guitarist, MRS. KATE BERNARD, are open to an engagement with some first class Traveling Concert Troupe. New and elegant wardrobes. Address
49-3t* CHARLES F. BERNARD, Box 254, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

THE PRIDE OF BIRTH!
A THRILLING SENSATIONAL PLAY in Five Acts, with startling situations. Copyrighted. Address
J. P. STONER,
49-1t* Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind.

MASONIC TEMPLE, Williamsburgh, L.I.—The undersigned most respectfully announces to the public that he is now prepared to LET his NEW HALL in the Masonic Temple for Theatrical and different performances. This Hall is one of the finest in the State, and has been fitted up and decorated regardless of expense, in the most superb manner, with all the latest improvements. It has a stationary stage, with shifting scenes; well lighted and ventilated, and is in the central part of the city. Easy access from the ferries; is capable of seating 1,000 persons, and sufficient ante rooms attached. The price for renting will be quite reasonable to respectable parties.
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G. A. EMERY AND C. H. SHOWALTER
Wish an engagement for the coming
TENTING SEASON OF 1869. They do first class
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JERRY DASHINGTON,
is organizing in New York, a Troupe of Minstrels to be known as DASHINGTON AND KLINO'S ÆOLIAN MINSTREL TROUPE, and is in want of good Minstrel Performers in all branches.
Address J. DASHINGTON,
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Mr. & Mrs. HARRY WATKINS.
These popular artistes are now concluding a series of BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENTS in the chief cities of the South and will reach New York about the 15th of March.
MR. AND MRS. WATKINS
OPEN AT THE
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BUFFALO, MARCH 29TH,
In their Grand Drama of
TRODDEN DOWN; OR, UNDER TWO FLAGS,
Which has undoubtedly achieved one of the
GREATEST DRAMATIC TRIUMPHS OF THE DAY
Their repertoire includes an unusually large number of
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Communications addressed to, care
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First Class Living Curiosities desirous of an engagement for one year will please communicate, stating terms, etc., at once with photographs to the undersigned. MAJ BURNELL,
Museum, Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
N. B.—PROF. NICHOLS, Champion Glass Blower, will please direct as above. 48-3t

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RICHMOND, VA.
J. H. HEAD & CO.....Proprietors
Wanted immediately, Twenty Young Ladies for the Ballet, Two Solo Dancers and Three Lady Vocalists for a new Musical Burlesque written expressly for this establishment. Address
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FIRST CLASS MANAGERS OF A CIRCUS, MINSTRELS or other migratory entertainments, or, a First Class Star, desiring a business man well posted and experienced in newspaperdom, acquainted North, East, south and West, can address
REX, care
48-3t N. Y. Clipper.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO. KENSETH & RITTER, Proprietors.
FRED. McEVOY, Manager. This beautiful place of amusement will open on or about the first of April. First class variety talent can secure good engagements by applying to
FRED. McEVOY, Manager.
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48-3m*

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Celebrated Clown and Comic Singer, can be engaged for the coming traveling season by addressing him at Moodus, Conn. 49-1t*

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The population of Ithaca is ten thousand, besides the Cornell University, which has 500 students. The town is reached from the New York Central Railroad by steamer from Cayuga; also from New York and Erie Railroad by the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad from Owego. Terms very reasonable. Address
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and Hotel, Fairbury, Livingston County, Illinois. This new and commodious building is now completed, with new stage, scenery, elevated seats, &c., and can be rented by responsible managers by the night or week at very reasonable rates. Agents that stop at this hotel will find good accommodations. Talent wanted for the stage. Ladies and gents of ability wishing engagements will do well to address
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Organized troupes, dramatic or minstrel, can get engagements by the night or week. All first class performers call and see
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Complete suit of new Scenery.
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This elegant establishment, by far the most complete and best arranged of anything in this country, is open for
LECTURES, CONCERTS, DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS, AND FIRST CLASS EXHIBITIONS ONLY.
Terms of contract when not opened by special agreement.
The rent of house, gas, heating, ticket sellers, night hands, usher, for single night:—For ordinary Lecture, $40; for ordinary Minstrel Concert, $45; for Operatic or Theatrical Exhibition, $45. A liberal discount is made for all extra or additional nights. For particulars, or business, address T. M. ALLYN, Proprietor of Allyn Hall,
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Annual Citizens' Dress Ball will take place at the American Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Easter Monday night, March 29th. Tickets $5. 44-7t

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COMBINATION OF TWO MAMMOTH ESTABLISHMENTS.
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We have no hesitation in saying that our stock of cuts is the most complete to be found in the world—all modern and by the best artists.
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The Counting Room of the COURIER and the Business Office of the Company is at the store, 197 Main street. The entrance to the Editorial, Composition and Newspaper Press Rooms will be by the staircase between Nos. 193 and 200 Washington street.
Send for our New Trade List.
WARREN, JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.
W. C. HORAN, Superintendent. 42-3m

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PHILADELPHIA.
The Theatre will be leased to responsible managers for a term of years. Parties wishing to lease by the year address
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CANAJOHARIE, N. Y. This new and magnificent Hall is now offered to rent for first class entertainments; being centrally located well lighted, ventilated, and in every way qualified to give satisfaction to the occupant and to the audience. Stage, 15x18; seating capacity, 650. For terms address G. SAYLES, Canajoharie, N. Y.
All business connected with entertainments will be attended to by addressing as above.
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One of the most perfect, complete and neatest Theatres in the West, containing large and roomy stage, full stock of scenery, etc., submerged foot lights, stage carpets, ample dressing rooms and beautiful drop curtain.
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During the month of March, for any entertainments except dramatic.
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The attention of managers and agents of all legitimate entertainments is invited to the facilities of this hall.
Its neat, artistic appearance, commodious approach, safety, facilities for speedy exit, acoustical excellence, nearness to the ground floor, &c.
Seating capacity, one thousand. Rent reasonable. Apply to
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Canton, for its size, is the foremost manufacturing city in Ohio
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IN BROOKLYN AND WILLIAMSBURGH,
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The above Hall is now open and can be engaged for First Class Entertainments. Apply to
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N. B.—Our Circular and Price List will be forwarded by mail to all persons desiring it. J. R. JACKSON,
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